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O'BYRNE;

OR,

THE EXPATRIATED.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

On entering the ruins, it appeared that no means of ingress existed by which the visitors could obtain admission to the principal tower, but Rory knew better, for turning round an angle of the wall, he stopped before a low arched door, which, being thrown into deep shade by the projecting buttresses, might have easily escaped a cursory observer. Here he paused, and drawing forth a key from an adjacent niche, he unlocked the door, and beckoning to his companion to follow, they both entered a large chamber, which appeared to have been the grand hall, being accommodated with a spacious fireplace at either end, and occupying the entire square of the keep. Having carefully closed the door, Rory spoke, for the first time since they had been within the walls of the Castle.

"Now, sir! you must jist make yourself contented here for a day or two, for you're watch'd, already, an' our house is the first place that'll be search'd."

"How—what!" ejaculated the mysterious stranger—"how does any whom the news may concern know aught of me or my arrival in the country?"

And he darted a look of newly-awakened suspicion on the face of Rory. The latter met the look by one of fearless innocence!

"Och, och! if you want to keep yourself hid sure you musn't let any one see your face, for it's easy knowin' the family it belongs to!—I see your honor suspects *me*, but God sees all hearts, an' He knows that I'd as soon take the blood-money for the child in the cradle within, as for you—but I heard at the shop beyant this mornin' that there was a whisper of a search goin' to be made for you, and as you can't get out o' the counthry till the hunt is over, why, I jist thought that this was the best place to hide in, for they'll never dhrame that you're here amongst the ghosts and owls, an' if they did come, why, I'm the very boy that knows the holes an' corners about the ould walls! So in God's name, you'll stay here, an' be the same token, I brought the things this mornin', and put them here, before anybody was stirrin'. See here, sir! haven't we a fine cupboard?"

Saying which, he extracted a large stone from the wall, and displayed a species of alcove, where, sure enough, he had deposited a sufficiency of provisions to serve for several days. He now drew the silver cup, before mentioned, from the folds of his outer coat, (the skirt of which had been thrown carelessly across his arm, so as to conceal the vessel,) and presenting it to the stranger, he said:

"There's nobody has so good a right to this as you have, sir!—it's but a poor sample out of all that you ought to have, an' I know that you'll be glad to have it, for the sake of ould times—besides it'll sarve you in good stead, while you're stayin' here!"

The stranger took the cup, and seeing that farther concealment was impracticable, he exclaimed:

"I see plainly, my worthy friend! that it is in vain to attempt secrecy—you do not, I am sure, require to be told that the walls of Carrig-na-buile again shelter an O'Byrne—alas! that I should say, that they are about to become his prison! Your generous kindness merits all my confidence—I would, therefore, that all mystery should on my part cease—in me, you behold (a fact which I see you have already discovered) the last of the O'Byrnes. Ay! well may you look round on these ruined walls, and then on me, who ought to be the inheritor of a noble castle, and many a broad acre—now you see, that even these dismantled halls are no longer mine. Truly, can I say, that I have neither home nor country; and that I stand here—here—in the house of my fathers, a dependent on your bounty!"

"Oh! sir! sir!" sobbed out poor Rory, "don't talk in that way—you'll brake my heart if you do! Oh, wirra asthore! but it's the sore sight for me to see the son of Roderick O'Byrne takin' up his lodgin' in sich a place as this! but sure it can't be help'd! Och! but I knew well, well, who you wor!—but I want to show you where you're to sleep!"

So saying, he opened a door not far from one of the fire-places, and exhibited a couch composed of fresh rushes, over which was thrown, however, a clean sheet, being all that the poor fellow could procure in the way of bed-clothes. The bed was made up in a small recess, so as to screen the occupant from the winds, which swept so often through the ruined walls.

"I'm afear'd that your honor 'ill find this but a sorry bed, but it's the best I could make up, without bein' seen. But now, he added—"I jist want to show you how you'll hide yourself, in case they should come here to search!"

The young man smiled sadly—

"Ah! Rory! you seem to forget that I passed some years of my life here, and that I only acted a part, when I appeared to know nothing of the building—trust me, I can easily outwit even the most adroit pursuer, when once within the walls of Carrig-na-buile!" He paused a moment, as if in recollection, and then resumed, "Would you have a proof?"

Upon which, he led the way up a large staircase, at the farther end—stopping short at the top, he asked Rory:

"Do you know of any entrance hereabouts to a passage which leads to the ramparts?"

Rory answered in the negative.

"Then try if you can discover any traces of a door?"

Having carefully examined every inch of the dark oak wainscotting, Rory again acknowledged that he could see nothing like a door; his companion approached, and touching a certain spot with his finger, a part of the wainscot receded and displayed a narrow passage, the length of which Rory could not ascertain, as there was no gleam of light within.

"Are you now convinced that I may be trusted to find my way here?" inquired the young man.

"Oh, troth, I am, your honor!—so now I'll be biddin' you farewell, bekase I might be missed!"

They now descended once more to the hall, and with a fervent prayer, that God might watch over his master, as he called him, Rory took his departure.

O'Byrne (as we may now call him) being left alone, for some time gave himself up to meditation on the strange situation in which he found himself. His was, it must be acknowledged, a case of peculiar hardship—the lineal descendant of a race of heroes, himself brave and haughty as any of them had ever been, he found himself a beggar in the land where he had been induced to come, by the false rumor of a favorable change in the current of affairs. As he traversed the spacious hall with quick and measured footstep, and heard the echoes repeat the sound, his surcharged feelings became too great for control, and they burst forth like a torrent, till throwing himself on the cold floor, the strong man, the haughty soldier wept aloud.

"Ay! I may weep!" he exclaimed, "here are none to hear me or witness my emotion. Here, where I had once father—mother—sister—brother—to each of whom, I was a cherished darling—their youngest and most beloved—even here I can weep without one to say—'Be comforted!' Alas! my father—my mother—sweet, sweet Hilda—and my noble generous Eman—what anguish must have rent your hearts, during those last years when ye were compelled to wander in poverty and concealment through the land where ye once held sway! why do I mourn that death has released you from such accumulated suffering?"

Starting quickly from his recumbent posture under the influence of a sudden impulse, he once more ascended the staircase, and crossing with rapid step a lofty corridor, he stopped before a door at its farther extremity. Without a moment's deliberation, he pushed open the door, but instantly drew back with a groan of anguish, as he saw that the floor of the room within had given way, and even the greater part of the walls, so that his eye fell only on the bare hills, and the spectral looking staircase, which I have already said resisted the power of neglect and time.

"Oh! mother! mother!" sighed the sorrow-striken mourner, "what a far different scene was this, when thou wert wont to have these apartments fitted up like some temple of domestic comfort—this was the centre of all our affections—and now"—

The sentence was only finished by a deep-drawn sigh, as letting the door escape from his trembling hand, he slowly retraced his way to the hall below, resolving as he did so, to explore no farther the secrets of the castle. He dared not ascend to the battlements, whence he might have looked out upon the country, as there was danger of his being observed by any stray individual, whom chance might have conducted to the rocks without. His only amusement, then, was to watch the gradual course of the sunbeams as they fell on the flagged floor; gradually, however, he commenced sketching plans for the future—and building castles in the air, his ardent imagination affording abundant materials for the erection of those unreal fabrics.

The sun had long since attained his meridian height, and was already rapidly sinking in the west, when O'Byrne was awakened from one of these sombre reveries by the sound of distant music. He had just fallen into a sort of dreamy lethargy—a species of dogged carelessness as to what might be his future fate, when he was recalled to life and all its complicated hopes and wishes by those faintly-heard tones. The musician seemed to approach, until at length it became evident to O'Byrne that the instrument was the Irish pipes, which, if not so martial or inspiriting as the Highland pibroch, are yet much softer, and in their very plaintiveness, have power to charm the soul. As O'Byrne listened with compressed breath and throbbing heart, he at once recognized a melancholy old air—one of those exquisite compositions of Ireland's elder day, which still bear, on what instrument soever they may be performed, the unfailing marks of their original destination—the thrilling cords of the harp of Erin seem still to vibrate in those ancient airs, called often by musicians "harp-airs," and which, for pathetic beauty, have never been equalled by the more complex and labored pieces to which modern science has given birth. One of those very airs was it, which now fell, with its genial softness, on the ear, ay! and heart of O'Byrne. He had often heard his mother sing the same strain, and, as the notes floated on the still air, now rising, now sinking in mournful cadence—he seemed transported again to those long-past years, and the dead—the loved ones of his childhood and boyhood, were again present to his "mind's eye."

But hark! the lay is changed—no longer is it plaintive and tender—a loud, bold prelude is rapidly run over, as if to prepare the mind for what is to follow, and anon the performer bursts forth into a lofty and warlike march. With exquisite skill did he at intervals introduce the martial notes of the trumpet-call, and then again was heard the lively quickstep, until the listener could as it were behold the long files of the soldiers, and hear their measured tread keeping time to the music. Not gradual was the transition in the mind of O'Byrne from the softest melancholy to the wildest excitement. His soul seemed to catch at once the ardor of military enthusiasm, which was, however, by no means new to him, though it had been long repressed by untoward circumstances. Not long did he listen to that enlivening strain, when his eye kindled with a long-faded fire, and his very form seemed to dilate—

"Yes!" he exclaimed, as starting to his feet, he paced the hall with impatient step—"yes! I shall again seek in the tented field a cure for the anguish of the mind. Not tamely shall I sit and mourn over departed joys. No! no!—boyhood was passed amid the roar of artillery, and the sound of the trumpet, and there only, can I hope for aught like enjoyment. Again shall this hand grasp the sword, and England, haughty England, shall feel what she has lost—she shall own how impolitic has been her severity towards us, when hundreds of hearts, seared by her oppressive laws, as mine now is, and boasting as noble blood, shall turn against her those arms which she might, by a little kindness, have made her strongest bulwarks. Yes! again shall I take my stand in the stately ranks of our Brigade, and with them sweep along in their wild career of danger and daring, to attain a deathless name—or, if not that, at least vengeance on those who have made our homes and hearths desolate!"

So complete was the revolution of his mind, that he could scarcely restrain his impatience so far as to wait the coming of Rory. Is it not strange that music should have so vast an influence on the human mind—yet, there is no fact better attested; in every age, from the days of Orpheus downwards, (it seems to me that the history of this same Orpheus, like many other portions of the heathen mythology, may be regarded as a very beautiful allegory,) the power of music has been felt and acknowledged—he who, of all the moderns, seems to have been the most deeply skilled in the lore of the heart—even he, the immortal "Bard of Avan," has left his testimony for all future ages, that "music hath charms to soothe a savage breast—to soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak;"—and Moore—our own Moore—what says he on the subject? Be his own unequalled words the answer:

"When through life, unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear—

Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Waking thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept!
* * * * *
"Music!—oh! how faint, how weak
Language faints before thy spell,
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well!"

What rhetoric could ever produce such an effect on the heart of the weary exile as the airs that he has heard from childhood; yet, still music has not equal power. How utterly ineffications are all those brilliant fantasies, concertos, and bravuras which daily inundate the fashionable world—how utterly powerless are they in awaking the sympathies of the unsophisticated children of nature—what influence will they exercise on the heart of the exiled Swiss, whose very soul would be filled with enthusiasm by the first notes alone of the simple but merry "Rans de Vache!"

Could all the eloquence of the most beloved leaders awaken such fiery ardor in the bosom of the hardy and warlike Highlanders, as would the tones of their national pibroch—(though to others the instrument may seem sufficiently harsh and unmusical)—how unflinchingly would they march to meet almost certain death to the tune of "Royal Charlie"—or "Cagadh na Sith"—and how easily could the musician melt those very men, those stern warriors, to almost woman's softness, by changing the wild and inspiring strain to "Lochaber" or "Auld Lang Syne." Yes! the fiery and martial spirit of the Gael would be completely under the control of the piper, as has been proved on many a bloody field.

But I have already gone quite far enough in proving what has, I believe, scarcely ever been disputed—the wondrous power of music. So let us return to O'Byrne, whose re-awakened enthusiasm rendered the restraint of his strange prison doubly irksome—nay, insupportable; insomuch, that he at length determined to run all risks, rather than remain pent up as though he feared to look upon the face of man. Acting upon this decision, he had already reached the door of the ruined chamber above, whence he purposed reaching the staircase, which rose at no great distance, by making a vigorous leap—this desperate measure (which would, in all human probability, have rendered all future cares superfluous) was, however, prevented by the appearance of Rory in the court below, who, perceiving O'Byrne's design, hastened to anticipate it, by unlocking the door. The impatient prisoner hastily descended to the hall!

"Well!" your honor!" exclaimed Rory, as, advancing, he leisurely deposited on the floor materials for making a fire. "Well! your honor, how did you get this day in, sir? Faix! it must ha' been lonesome enough, an' it's me that fretted about that same, but you see we wor every minit expectin' the sojers, an' so I darn't put a fut out for fear they'd be watchin' me. But now, let us see about your supper, an' I'm sure you're not out o' the need o' it?"

Rory now set about making a fire on one of the hearths, and drawing a kettle from the alcove, he placed it on the fire, and then, as he saw the flame gradually curling around it, he seemed satisfied that his preparations went on well, so turning to O'Byrne, he asked—

"But, Master Philip! that's true;—did you hear the pipes the day, out among the mountains here? Troth, it's myself was jist glad, when I heerd it, bekase I thought it was near you, an' says I to myself, 'Och! but that'll rise the master's heart, anyhow.'"

"Yes! I heard them! replied O'Byrne, "but I should like to know who it is that performs so well—I should not have expected to hear such music in this wild and remote district!"

"Well! the sorra one o' me knows, sir!" answered Rory—"but I always think that it's some one o' the ould pipers that used to play for the quality long ago, an' that's goin' about now on suff'rance!"

Rory now busied himself in preparing supper, ever and anon turning as he did so, to address some remark to O'Byrne. The latter stood leaning with folded arms against the fireplace, and as he gazed on the scene around, he could not help thinking that a painter would have considered it no bad subject for his art.

There was no other light than that of the fire, which was, however, sufficiently strong to give a warm coloring to the foreground, while the remote extremities of the spacious apartment were wrapped in gloom.

Nor was the figure of Rory (as he bustled about, "on hospitable thoughts intent,") by any means the most uninteresting object in the *tableau*—the focus of all interest, however, would have been O'Byrne himself—the attitude in which he stood or rather reclined against the wall, was one well adapted to display the just proportions and sinewy strength of his frame, while the rich glare of the ruddy flame near which he stood, flashed at intervals on his face—heightening by its very uncertainty the charms of that countenance, as it lit up for a moment the high pale brow, the Roman nose, and the thin, finely-curved lips, having in their firm compression an expression of sternness that perhaps lessened the beauty of the face, though it certainly tended to rivet the attention. It was perhaps not natural, that stern look, for the present scene was well calculated to arouse such feelings in his mind, standing as he did on the forsaken hearth, and under the falling roof of his ancestral home. He was a soldier, too, and he burned with the desire of wreaking vengeance on the foe who had so foully wronged his country and his kind. Yet at times, a smile would cross his features, as he beheld the alacrity with which Rory catered for his comfort, together with the numerous expedients to which that worthy individual was obliged to have recourse, in order to supply the deficiency of accommodation.

At length the supper was ready, and Rory invited his guest to be seated, at the same time drawing close to the hearth a large stone to serve as a seat, another of yet larger dimensions supplying the place of a table.

Rory threw himself at full length upon the ground, near the fire, (in vain did O'Byrne request him to partake of his supper,) and as the young man took his seat on the stone, he exclaimed, laughingly:

"You have doubtless heard, Rory, of the famous stone chair which was for many ages the crowning-seat of the O'Neills of Tyr-Owen, and which is now so highly honored as to support the sovereigns of England at their coronation, having been previously used for a similar purpose by the Scotch, yet, highly as they prized that famous stone, and deeply as they mourned its loss, we must allow that the last O'Byrne has at least as good cause to value his—seeing that it once formed a corner-stone of his father's house! Yes!" he added, bitterly, "truly, mine is an honored seat!"

It may well be supposed that Rory sympathized with all his master's feelings, and when informed of the intention of the latter to return immediately to France, he gave free vent to his satisfaction.

"Musha, troth! I'm a poor man, this blessed night! an' it pleases me betther to hear that same, than if I had a purse o' money in my hand. Och! but ye'll make them hop—when ye all get together—God knows, but I'd go all the way over to France jist to see ye makin' the first rush at them—then it 'll be your turn to make them pay for all!"

Rory now proposed staying to keep O'Byrne company during the night, as well as to see him off in the morning, as he purposed starting by the first peep of dawn. After conversing some time longer on events past, present, and to come, it was judged necessary for the traveller to endeavor to procure a few hours rest, in order to recruit him for the long journey of the morrow; he, therefore, bade Rory good night, and retired to his rusty couch, while the worthy follower of his family stretched his brawny limbs on the hearth.

(To be continued.)

THE "TIMES" AND THE ORANGEMEN.

The London *Times* has no sympathetic tears to shed over the defunct carcase of Irish Orangeism, as the following extract will testify. Though that brutal faction has been doing the work of England for nearly two centuries, its dissolution is now no more regarded in that country, than would the fall of a seared and blasted pine by the wayside. It is somewhat remarkable, too, that the *fiat* for its suppression should have gone forth from Dublin Castle, the exact spot where, above all others, it had been nurtured and petted heretofore, and the great source from whence it drew its hellish incitements to murder and profanation. Lord Chancellor Brady's letter to Lord Londonderry, announcing that in future the magistracy must disconnect themselves with it, has given the institution its death blow by withdrawing from it the entire of its local supporters. Here is the article from the *Times:*

"The last blow is generally an unexpected one. It is strange at this very quiet time of the year, when nobody expects any important home events of any kind, to find ourselves announcing the destruction of Orangeism in Ireland. But so it is; the Irish Lord Chancellor's letter is the death blow to that old Irish institution, around which so many solemnities have gathered, which has been the centre of so many solemnities and ovations, grand days, processions, ceremonials, cavalcades, inaugurations, and commemorations. What war cries and heroic speeches, flags and banners, have attended its march! Orangeism ought to have expired in the midst of a storm, or on a field of battle, not in the long vacation, when statesmen have gone to Scotland to shoot grouse, when all the world is touring in Switzerland, Germany, or Norway, and hardly anybody is left at home; when even the news of its death will be a week old before it meets the eyes of the greater part of the Legislature. But fate is very perverse, and many a rough warrior dies in his bed, and many a quiet civilian in the open field. Orangeism had, in fact, lingered on so long in the last feeble stage that its death is now hardly felt as an event. It was like the old year about 11, P. M., on the 31st of December. It gives up its last breath without a struggle at a mere letter from the Irish Chancellor, announcing that Orange Justices of the Peace will no longer be allowed. This step has, of course, not been taken without advice from government here, and there can be no doubt that it will answer its purpose. It passes off quiety; it makes no noise; even the Irish Protestant press is silent, and has hitherto hardly raised a protest. When an act of suppression takes place so tranquilly it is a proof that the institution is thoroughly ripe for extinction, that it has ceased long ago to be a living institution, and only lingered on by habit. This is the case with Orangeism in Ireland. We do not mean to say that there are not at this time plenty of wild Orangemen in Ireland, who will talk exactly as Orangemen talked in the reign of George III. This always happens in the case of any sect or institution that has been great in its day; it leaves a vast quantity of combustible material behind it, and even in its ashes feels its wonted fire. This is the reward of past reality, and it is one which we should not grudge. There will be always numbers who, when life has gone, will declare that it has not gone, and that the institution, or the sentiment, or the creed, is as strong as ever, or stronger, that it has only slept, and is going immediately to reawaken in greater force than ever. This is the rationale of the revivals, as they are called, reanimations of things dead in religion or in art. We do not doubt, then, that Orangeism has at this moment plenty of enthusistic disciples in Ireland. But the test of real life in an institution or a sentiment is its hold upon public opinion, and Orangeism has long ceased to possess this."

THE ENGLISH NENA SAHIBS IN SCOTLAND.

[From the North Briton.]

* * * * *

In England, Ireland, and Scotland, we could cull from history hundreds of instances of savage abominations committed upon the people quite as disgusting as those of the Indian revolt.

Let us pass over the Wars of the Roses, the conduct of Cromwell in Ireland, and many other civil events, such as the massacre of Glencoe, &c., and give an instance of our humane policy which happened only a few years before the conquest of India commenced. We refer to the doings of the butcher Cumberland at and after the battle of Culloden. Lord Mahon, in his "History of England," states that:

"No care or compassion was shown to their (the Highlanders) wounded; nay, more, on the following day most of these were put to death in cold-blood, with a cruelty, such as never, perhaps, before or since, has disgraced a British army. Some were dragged from the thickets or cabins where they had sought refuge, drawn out in line and shot; while others were despatched by the soldiers with the stocks of their muskets. One farm building, into which some twenty disabled Highlanders crawled, was deliberately set on fire next day, and burnt with them to the ground, The native prisoners were scarcely better treated; and even sufficient water was not vouchsafed to their thirst. Lord Mahon (Earl Stanhope), much to his credit, admits that there was not the slightest provocation to justify the butcher Duke in his barbarities. The Highlanders, the noble historian confesses, behaved in the most chivalrous and merciful manner to the wounded and prisoners placed in their power by their victories during the earlier part of the rebellion. But barbaric cruelty has ever been one of the most prominent characteristics of the Hanoverian sovereigns of England. Whatever other virtues may belong to the Guelphic dynasty, the attribute of mercy most certainly is not one of the number."

We now cite another witness, as truthful and reliable as Lord Mahon himself:

"Mr. Robert Chambers, in his 'History of the Rebellion of 1745,' informs us that, by the orders of the Royal Butcher, women and children were stripped naked, and subjected to unnameable horrors—that English officers went over the field of battle, running their swords through the wounded and slain—that this was done as much in sport as in rage—and that 'at last they began to amuse themselves by splashing and dabbling each other with blood!' By order of the Duke, the wounded were gathered in heaps, and shot or stabbed to death by his soldiers. The sick in their bedrooms had their throats cut by order of the Duke."

We conclude this part of our subject with the following well authenticated anecdote, which, better than volumes of declamation, illustrates the fiendish character of the sole hero (God save the mark!) produced by the house of Hanover:

"The Duke of Cumberland, riding over the field the day after the victory, attended by some of his officers, observed a young wounded Highlander resting on his elbow and staring at the Royal party. Cumberland asked the man to whom he belonged, and received for answer, 'to the Prince.' The Duke instantly called to an officer to 'shoot that insolent scoundrel.' The officer, Major Wolf, declined the task, saying that his commission was at the command of his Royal Highness, but he could never consent to become an executioner. The Duke asked several other officers to 'pistol' the wounded man, but with a like result. At length the Royal Butcher called a common soldier, who obeyed the fiendish command by murdering the wounded man. The Highlander thus barbarously slain was Mr. Charles Fraser, a lieutenant colonel in the Master of Lovat's regiment."

Such were the tender mercies of this Dutch Sahib towards the poor devoted Scotchmen who espoused the cause of their rightful Sovereign.

CHARACTER OF NENA SAHIB.

BY A FRENCHMAN.

We are all in a mistake about Nena Sahib, at least according to M. Eugene Pergeaux, in the *Courrier de Paris*. M. Pergeaux does not indeed represent this person as an Adonis; but in other respects he describes the too famous Sahib as having so soft a heart, that, despite of his whipping children to death, and murdering women, he cannot read a tender line in Byron or Shakspeare without being moved to tears! He speaks French, Italian, and English, is acquainted with their several literatures, talks our own language as fluently and surely as any "gentleman in Hyde Park," and has translated "Hamlet" into Hindoo, to the great admiration of competent critics. Then the heart that could comprehend Ophelia was, of course, accessible to influences from living beauty, and this amiable Nena so loved the fair Miss Margaret O'Sullivan, that when she died of consumption, he went and wept over her tomb, and would not be consoled. He wandered about his palace, this exquisite lover, repeating nothing but "Poor Margaret!"—and then his eyes would suffuse with tears, and he would quote some appropriate passage from Byron, as well as he could do so for sobbing. Since this time he never loved woman, it is supposed, says Mr. Pergeaux; but this adorable individual took to ride steeple-chases, play in fencing-matches, and to killing tigers coolly in single combat. But, best of all, he is the man who has music in his soul, and he told "le jeune Wooths" that French music was his especial delight—the soft, gay, brilliant, light French music—and to show that he spoke with *connaissance de fait*, he sat down to the piano and improvised an air that brought down the loudest applause from an audience of connoisseurs. M. Pergeaux seems puzzled to account for the hyena turn taken by this heroic gentleman—but he assures us that he finds, upon inquiry, such was the man whose name now, in the nostrils of every human being warmed by a spark of Christian love and charity, stinks more foully than that of Satan himself.

Let us add, that we have corrections of Indian History from other sources also. The *Ultramontanist* journal, the *Univers*, speaks of Gen. Neil, and not Nena Sahib, as the wretch who has made himself infamous at Cawnpore by his "refinements of torture!" The *Univers* is so shocked, that it hopes England will be defeated. This transmutation of Nena and Neil, reminds us of a dramatic parallel, in "the Siege of Troy," at Astley's, when Mr. Amhurst, the author, by a huge slip of the pen, put the Greeks in the city of Troy, and sent an army of Trojans from Hellas to punish the Greek ravishers of the unreluctant Helen.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED AT CHURCH.—Going early to church is a vulgar practice; of course you are never known to be guilty of it. When you enter, make as much noise as possible, to attract attention, for that is a primary reason why you go to church. Of course you are well dressed, and all fashionable people will turn round to look at you—they like to see and be seen. Never mind the preacher; he can stop his discourse until you are seated. Having taken a conspicuous place, blow your nose like a horn at least three times—wipe your face with the same kerchief—shake it out and spread it upon your knees. Touch your neighbor slyly and whisper to him, "got any tobacco?"—there is no spittoon—never mind—'tis a public house! Having got along so far, turn around and look at the ladies: now is your time! while they are staring at that new-comer, rustling in satin, as she sweeps down the aisle; inquire of the gentleman next you, "what lady is that?" You may perceive by the audible whisperings the same question is being asked by at least a dozen persons. By this time the house is nearly full, and through the noise made by the fluttering of fans and scraping of feet, you may be able to catch the thread of the sermon. The service being over, endeavor to be first at the doorway, where you can take up an eligible position to review the ladies' faces as they press past you; the opening was intended to allow two or three persons to go out abreast, but your position will compel them to move in single file; an excellent manœuvre by which you will be enabled to inspect each one separately. The usual bows, nods, and smiles of recognition having been executed in your best style, fall in with the crowd, twirling your cane—take a friend's arm if one offers—talk of the ladies—the fashions—the—any thing but the sermon, which of course to you will have seemed "VERY DULL."

It costs ten million of dollars annually to keep alive the dogs that are supported in the United States.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Ireland both poor and prosperous—Benevolent Landlords and Starving Tenants—An impatient Duellist—John Keogh—Difference between his Policy and O'Connell's—A flexible Assembly—Interview in 1793 between Keogh and Pitt—O'Connell's Opinion of Keogh—O'Connell upon Poor Laws—Battle with the *Times*—Reminiscence of his Gray's Inn Days—O'Connell on his own Oratorical Brevity—O'Connell compared with Lord Plunkett—Reasons of an English Catholic Peer for not subscribing to an Irish Catholic Chapel—Methodist and Catholic Processions.

On the 26th of February the division on the second reading of Lord Morpeth's Irish Registration Bill came on. O'Connell made an admirable speech in support of the measure. Some of his points were extremely felicitous.

"You would now," said he, addressing the Tories, "refuse to Ireland equality of franchises with England. What plea do you allege for this refusal? Why, the *poverty* of Ireland! But, mark your inconsistency. When I arraigned the Legislative Union as having caused *poverty* in Ireland, how was I met? Honorable Gentlemen produced multitudinous statements and calculations to demonstrate that poverty was not general in Ireland; that my statements were exaggerated, and that the Union had created great general prosperity in that country. You then alleged the *prosperity* of Ireland as a reason why she should not possess legislative independence; you now allege her *poverty* as a reason why she should not enjoy franchises. She is either rich or poor—prosperous or wretched—just as it suits your convenience."

Equally happy was his exposure of the incongruous statements of Mr. Recorder Shaw.

"The learned Recorder," said O'Connell, "has stated that four millions of the Irish nation are sunk in pauperism. He has also stated that the Irish landlords are humane and benevolent men. Let any man who can reconcile these assertions with each other. A humane and benevolent landlord-class, with four millions of the people destitute! Whether such a condition of things be practicable, I willingly leave to the decision of the English gentlemen who hear me."

Shortly afterwards Steele congratulated him upon his speech, adding that Peel had been extremely violent. "Yes," replied O'Connell, laughing, "and as weak as he was violent."

O'Connell told a story of a Connaught duellist named Blake. He had been challenged to the field; all parties met at the appointed time and place, except Blake's second. They waited some minutes, but in vain; the second did not make his appearance. "It is a pity," said Blake, "to keep you waiting any longer, gentlemen;" and opening his pistol case (which had been placed in his carriage by the absent second) he deliberately snapped one of the pistols at his opponent. On finding that it did not go off, he began very coolly to hammer away at the flint, saying, "Fire away, sir! I'll be ready for you in no time!" While he spoke, his second came galloping up with many apologies for his absence; but on seeing that the parties had already commenced hostilities, he expressed great astonishment. "Egad, I snapped my pistol," said Blake, upbraidingly, "and it missed fire." "Of course it did," replied the second, "you know it was not charged." "Not charged?" cried Blake, and pray of what use is a case of pistols if they are not charged?"

O'Connell spoke of his own early agitation.

In 1810, the Corporation of Dublin met at the Royal Exchange to petition for the Repeal of the Union. John Keogh attended the meeting, and made a speech.

"I also spoke in support of the Repeal," said O'Connell, "and henceforth do I date my first great *lift* in popularity. Keogh saw that I was calculated to become a leader. He subsequently tried to impress me with his own policy respecting Catholic affairs. The course he then recommended was a sullen quiescence; he urged that the Catholics should abstain altogether from agitation, and he labored hard to bring me to adopt his views. But I saw that agitation was our only available weapon. I saw that by incessantly keeping our demands and our grievances before the public and the government, we must sooner or later succeed. Moreover, that period, above all others, was not one at which our legitimate weapon, agitation, could have prudently been let to rust. It was during the war, and while Napoleon—that splendid madman!—made the Catholics of Ireland so essential to the military defence of the empire, the time seemed peculiarly appropriate to press our claims. About that period a great Catholic meeting was held. John Keogh was then old and infirm, but his presence was eagerly desired, and the meeting awaited his arrival with patient good humor. I and another were deputed to request his attendance. John Keogh had this peculiarity—that when he was waited on about matters of business, he would talk away on all sorts of subjects, *except* the business which had brought his visitors. Accordingly, he talked a great deal about everything except Catholic politics for the greatest portion of our visit; and when at length we pressed him to accompany us to the meeting, the worthy old man harangued us for a quarter of an hour to demonstrate the impolicy of publicly assembling at all, and ended by—coming to the meeting. He drew up a resolution, which denounced the continued agitation of the Catholic Question at that time. This resolution, proceeding as it did from a tried old leader, was carried. I then rose and proposed a counter-resolution, pledging us all to incessant, unrelaxing agitation; and such were the wiseacres with whom I had to deal, that they passed *my* resolution in the midst of enthusiastic acclamations, without once dreaming that it ran directly counter to John Keogh's! Thenceforward, I may say, I was *the* leader. Keogh called at my house some short time after; he paid me many compliments, and repeated his importunities that I might alter my policy. But I was inexorable; my course was resolved upon and taken. I refused to yield. He departed in bad humor, and I never saw him afterwards.

"Keogh was undoubtedly useful in his day. But he was one who would rather that the cause should fail, than that anybody but himself should have the honor of carrying it."

"He and his coadjutors made a mistake in 1793. He was a member of a deputation, consisting altogether of five persons, who had an interview with Pitt and Dundas on the subject of the Catholic claims. Pitt asked, 'What would satisfy the Catholics?' Keogh replied, 'Equality.' Pitt seemed inclined to comply with the wishes of the deputation, but Dundas started several objections. Pitt then said, 'Would you be satisfied with the bar, the elective franchise, and eligibility to the municipalities?' Keogh replied, 'They would be great boons.' Pitt immediately pinned him to that, and would concede no more. Now, had a lawyer been present, he would have known that eligibility to the municipalities was really worth nothing. *They* thought it was a great approach to equality."

Some short time afterwards, the Cork papers contained a speech of Mr. Joseph Hayes, of Cork, in which he denounced the Poor Law as a gross imposition on the country; a national calamity, which rendered the poor man destitute, and the destitute hopeless. Mr. Hayes, who had originally been an advocate of the Poor Law, concluded by withdrawing himself from the administration of the measure, and retiring from the office of guardian.

"Oh!" exclaimed O'Connell, on reading this, "never had man such a triumph of opinion as I have. I predicted all along that this Poor Law would be a grievous affliction to the country. Men who were deluded by the specious pretence of relieving the destitute, hoped great things from it. But experience now shows them that I was quite right."

"Allow me to ask," said Steele, "whether a country can be called fully civilized unless there is in it a legal provision, judiciously administered for the destitute?"

"On the contrary," replied O'Connell, "the existence of a compulsory or legalized provision for the destitute raises up a barrier against the best kind of civilization—the civilization of Christian charity. It directly operates to check the charitable impulses of our nature; for it leads the community to say to the applicant for relief, 'I'll give you nothing—go to the poor-house!' A law that compels the public to support the destitute affords the strongest encouragement to scheming knaves to affect destitution in order to be supported at the public expense. You may say that schemers would equally seek to impose on private charity. It is quite true they would. But a man who gives charity out of his own pocket will probably inquire respecting the applicant, and take measures to detect imposition. Whereas the distributors of *public* charity have not this individual stimulus to ascertain imposture. What is every one's business is nobody's business, and will, of course, be less carefully performed. But, after all, my grand objection to the Poor Law is, that it tends to deaden the Christian sentiment, by laying upon the state the performance of those duties to which religion should stimulate the community. There would be some small set-off against this evil if the condition of the destitute poor were essentially bettered by it. But this, in truth, is not the case. Look at the working of the Poor Law in Dublin and in Cork. It was to have been a model of state-charity; whereas we have already witnessed the cruel neglect of the commonest comforts of the paupers; the absolute and gross inhumanity exhibited towards them in several instances, and publicly complained of by the guardians. Now, if such be the blessings of the system in its very outset, who can calculate the additional abuses which time will doubtless accumulate?"

O'Connell's battle with the *Times* newspaper was carried on at intervals. In a letter addressed about this period to the *Morning Chronicle*, O'Connell says, that no greater folly could exist than to believe an assertion *because* it is found in the *Times*. "Indeed," he proceeds, "the contrary inference is conclusive. The *Times* lies like a misplaced milestone, which can never by any possibility tell truth."

O'Connell had frequently battled with the press, both in and out of Parliament; and more than once the corps of reporters had formed resolutions to suppress his speeches. But it would not do. The public demanded the speeches, and the public demand was imperative. Suppression would have injured the journals. The reporters were accordingly compelled to strike their colors, and O'Connell's harangues obtained undiminished circulation.

O'Connell reverted to the period when he was attending his terms at Gray's Inn. He said he used constantly then to amuse himself boating on the Thames; so constantly, that the watermen's fare made inconvenient inroads on his purse. He pointed out to me a court on the north side of Coventry street, in which he had lodged in 1794.

"I then lived in that *cul-de-sac*," said he, "and had excellent accommodation there." Passing one day through Coventry street, he stopped opposite a fishmonger's shop, saying, "That shop is in precisely the same state in which I remember it when I was at Gray's Inn, nearly fifty years ago—the same sized window, the same frontage; I believe, the same fish!"

On the 8th of May, a visitor asked him whether the debate on Lord John Russell's Corn Bill would probably be over on the following Wednesday. "I hardly think it will," he answered. "——— will give us three mortal hours; then ——— will get up, and he never can speak for less than an hour. Then Peel will take two full hours at least. Stanley will give us three hours; and there are some other long-winded fellows. You see, sir, each man thinks that he is himself the wisest person in the House, so they all will bestow abundant tediousness upon this question, to give us the full benefit of all their wisdom."

"And, Mr. O'Connell," interposed the visitor, "pray how long will *he* speak upon the question?"

"Oh," answered he, "I make it a rule to condense, as much as possible, all I have to say in the House; and at the bar, too, I always endeavor to condense. Why, at the last Galway assizes, I replied to a speech of three hours, and to three days' adverse evidence, in a speech of two hours and a half! And what was still better, he added, raising his fore-finger, and with a humorous expression of sly triumph in his face, "I got the verdict. Ah, a good speech is a good thing, but the verdict is *the* thing after all."

On the 14th of May, we attended a meeting of Repealers, at the Crown and Anchor. O'Connell was attacked by an impudent, illiterate Chartist, named Martin. While he was speaking in reply, a gentleman, who sat next to me,* exclaimed:

"What nonsense, to allege that Dan is a dishonest politician. If he had not been thoroughly honest, his whole family might now have been quartered on the public, at the rate of many thousands a year. Look at Dan's family, and look at the *Hannibals*. And yet Lord Plunket, the sire of the Hannibals,† never enjoyed one-tenth of the political influence wielded by O'Connell. Dan might have made his own terms with any government, if he had not been incorruptibly honest, and incapable of bartering his influence for wealth or station."

A Catholic priest connected with Athlone had come to England to collect subscriptions for the erection of a Catholic Church. He applied, for this purpose, to an English peer.

"Sir," replied his lordship, "I will never give a penny towards any purpose for the use of the Irish." "Why so, my lord?" demanded the priest. "Because," replied the peer, "they subscribe £14,000 a-year to that O'Connell for coming over here to create riot and disturbance."

Soon afterwards we learned that this peer was Lord Petre.

"The ungrateful fellow!" exclaimed O'Connel. "Only for me, he would not have been emancipated. And, moreover, I saved him £30,000 last week, by insisting that the Committee for making the railroad through his property should adhere to their original engagement with him, instead of procuring a new Act of Parliament to enable them to obtain his ground for £30,000 less than the valuation first agreed upon.

This circumstance was one amongst the many proofs that convinced me that the English hostility to Ireland was less directed against our creed than against our nation. "No Popery" meant, in point of fact, "No Irishry." The fact tha. the Irish were principally Catholics, elicited English enmity against Catholicism. Had the Irish belonged to any other religious persuasion, then some other rallying cry against us would have been adopted. No nation which hates another is fit to legislate for the party thus hated. The jealous hatred evinced towards Ireland by a powerful faction in England, although not the leading reason why Ireland sought the Repeal of the Union, was yet undoubtedly a strong stimulant to Irishmen in the pursuit of self-government.

On the 31st of May, a procession of Methodists walked at an early hour along Pall Mall, bearing banners, upon one of which was a portrait of the Methodist apostle—John Wesley. This banner was borne high aloft, and the disciple of the personage whose likeness it displayed formed a numerous and very imposing array. Just as they reached Waterloo Place, they were met by a Catholic procession of teetotallers, bearing an enormous banner, upon one side of which was a full-length picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary; St. Patrick, in pontificals, figured on the other. The Rev. Dr. Magee, seated in a coach, which was drawn by six greys, called at Pall Mall to take up O'Connell, who accompanied the procession through the city. The collision suggested ludicrous ideas; it seemed like "John Wesley *versus* St. Patrick." Notwithstanding the proximity of the somewhat incongruous elements of Popery and Methodistism, the respective parties passed each other quietly; the Methodists filing off into Regent street, while the Catholics took the direction of Trafalgar square, on their city ward route.

* Dr. Dillon, formerly of Brighton; then residing at 34 Alfred Place, London.

† The incomes enjoyed from public offices by the members of Lord Chancellor's family, have been estimated to amount in the aggregate to £21,000 per annum.

(To be continued.)

The Emperor of Russia has presented 3,000 florins to be divided among the poor of Stuttgardt.

THE CATHEDRAL OF DOWNPATRICK.

[From the Metropolitan for November.]

Few places in Ireland possess a greater degree of interest than the ancient and venerable town of Downpatrick. Here are said to have been interred the remains of the great apostle and patron of Ireland—St. Patrick. The town is built upon a group of hills on the southeast shore of Strangford Lough. Its corporate rank was recognized as far back as 1403; but its date is probably much more remote. It is said to have been the residence of the native kings of Ulidia; its ancient name having been "Aras Keltair," and "Rath Keltair Mac Duarch," that is, "Keltair the son of Duarch."

The Anglo-Normans took possession of the town in 1177, shortly after the invasion by Henry II. of England. It was then the residence of Mac Dunleve, Prince of Ullagh, who retired before the forces of Sir John De Courcy, who is described by Dr. Hanmer "as a knight as worthy as ever trod upon Irish ground." De Courcy is said to have built many castles and churches, repaired highways and bridges, and otherwise to have rendered himself popular. Many are the objects of religious veneration in and about Downpatrick. The tomb of St. Patrick was long a favorite resort. A short distance from the town, in a rugged district, is also the favorite station of the "Struel Well." This place was formerly much frequented by pilgrims from all parts of the country, who came on the Vigil of St. John to partake of the benefits of the miraculous flow of the water. But the leading object of attraction is the Cathedral—the modern structure. It is situated on an eminence to the west of the town, and it is a stately embattled edifice, chiefly of unhewn stone, supported externally by buttresses, and comprising a nave, choir and aisles, with a lofty tower at the west end embattled and pinnacled and similar square towers at each corner of the east gable, in one of which is a spiral stone stairway leading to the roof. The aisles are separated from the nave by lofty, elegant arches rising on massive piers from the corbels of which spring ribs supporting the roof, which is richly groined and ornamented at the intersections with clusters of foliage. The lofty windows of the aisles are divided by a single mullion; the nave is lighted by a long range of clerestory windows, and the choir by a handsome east window divided by mullions into twelve compartments, which appears to be the only window remaining of the splendid edifice erected in 1412, and subsequently destroyed by Lord De Grey. Over the east window are three elegant niches with ogee pointed arches, which formerly contained on pedestals the remains of the mutilated statues of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columbkill.

In the old Cathedral, the site of which is one of the most ancient in Ireland, were the tombs of St. Patrick, its founder, St. Bridget and St. Columb. Their tombs are said to have contained the following lines in mediæval Latin verse:

"Hi tries in duno tumulo tumulantur in imo,
Bridgida, Patricius, atque Columba, pius:"

which has been thus rendered into English:

"One tomb three saints contains, one vault below,
Does Bridget, Patrick and Columba show."

The ancient church and its renowned monuments were destroyed by the Lord Deputy, Leonard De Grey, in 1538. The profanation of the Cathedral of St. Patrick was one of the articles exhibited against him, when he was impeached. The event is recorded in the following words: "He razed St. Patrike, his church in Doune, an old ancient citie of Uister, and burnt the monuments of Patrike, Brigide, and Colme, who are said to have been there entoomed. This fact lost him sundrie harts in that countrie alwaies after detesting and abhorring his profane tyrannie, as they did name it." The article which lays the crime to his charge is as follows:

"*Item:* that without any warrant from the King or Councell, he prophaned the church of St. Patrike in Doune, turning it to a stable, after plucked it doune and stript the notable ring of bells that did hang in the steeple, meaning to have sent them to England, had not God of his justice prevented his iniquitie by striking the vessel and passengers within the said bells should have been conveid." De Grey was found guilty and beheaded.

There were anciently, according to the old Down Survey, no fewer than five religious houses in and near the town, reckoning the Cathedral as one; namely, the Convents of the Benedictines, the Augustines, the Cistercian monks, friars, and nuns, founded by John De Courcy, Hugh De Lacy, Earl of Ulster, and others. Of these establishments, however, there are no longer any traces to be found. The ravages of time, and the still more destructive hand of the invader, have not permitted a vestige to remain. They have passed from existence like so many others of these sacred and noble edifices, which once formed the glory of Ireland and the pride of her sons.

ON A STRIKE.—The printers in the employ of Almon M. Clapp, editor and proprietor of the Buffalo *Express* and the Black "Republican" candidate for Secretary of State, struck last week in consequence of an attempt to reduce their wages from twenty-five to twenty cents a thousand. Fearing this despatch might prove a forgery, it was shown to William B. McManus, Esq., President of the New York Typographical Union, who immediately telegraphed to Buffalo, and ascertained that the fact was as stated above.—*Daily News.*

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

There is no longer any doubt entertained that John James Moore, the principal in the large robberies of tea and the fraud on the customs in Belfast, has succeeded in effecting his escape to America by the Asia. He managed matters most adroitly. While the custom-house officers were searching his bonded stores, and losing the chests, of which some 780 turned out to be "dummies," containing instead of tea, turf, bricks, and straw, he was seen on 'Change, chatting unconcernedly, and throwing suspicion off its guard. He did not leave Belfast by the Liverpool boat, nor by the early express train for Dublin, but he took a car, drove to Lisburn, where he entered one of the up trains to Dublin, and it was from that city that he crossed the channel. A gentleman from Stockport met him on board after the steamer left Kingston. Moore was just in time in Liverpool to proceed by the Asia, and Bates, the private detective officer, formerly connected with the Liverpool police, saw a person every way answering his description going on board the Asia, and paying for a second class passage with a twenty pound note.

The Rev. J. White, Primitive Methodist Minister, Belfast, preached in a field at the lower end of the quay, to the largest congregation (that of the 6th September excepted) that ever assembled in the open air in Belfast, precisely at half-past three o'clock. At half-past four o'clock, the Rev. John Graham, New Connexion Methodist Minister, preached on the quays convenient to the Ballast Office, to a very large congregation. Mr. Mateer preached four times in the open air on Sunday to a large and attentive congregation. He preached in Sandy Row at half-past four o'clock; at seven o'clock he preached to a large congregation in the Hall, Grosvenor street. There was not the slightest disturbance at any of those numerous services.—*Belfast News-Letter.*

On Saturday a rumor was prevalent in town that there was a screw loose in the Belfast Bank, and during the entire evening this office was beset by dozens of people anxious to learn the truth of the matter. On Monday, we understand, there was a slight attempt at a run, but it was a lame affair, for the bank could have shovelled out gold faster than any demand that could have been made upon it. On Tuesday, in Armagh, a similar attempt was made, but with a similar result, and the panic in a sort time subdued. With regard to the Belfast Bank we can state without hesitation that, constituted as it is, the Bank of England is not safer.—*Ulsterman.*

The report of the Belfast Commissioners has been handed to the Lord Lieutenant, but it has not yet been published.

Carlow.

The Sub-sheriff, E. L. Jamieson, Esq., held a court of inquiry recently into the estate of Mr. T. F. Gale, deceased, who was Income Tax Collector for this county. Mr. Gale was what is termed "a fast man," kept horses and hounds, dispensed his hospitality liberally, and outlived his means. At his death it was found he was £553 8s. 8d. short in his Income Tax accounts. His effects, it is expected, will realize something near the above amount.

The British and Irish Magnetic Telegraph Company have opened an office at Bagnalstown, and are about to do so at the stations of Roscrea and Ballybrophy on the new branch of the Great Southern and Western line.

Cork.

The Police office was crowded on the 20th ult., owing to the interest felt in the case of several *artistes* of the Theatre Royal against Mr. J. P. Chadwick, the lessee. Mr. Julian stated the case, after which a number of the actors were examined, who gave evidence as to the salaries at which they were employed, and also that they had not received any money from Mr. Chadwick. The court gave a decree for the amount. Mr. Chadwick, not having appeared, either in person or by attorney, Mr. Humphreys said he had just been handed a notice of appeal signed by Mr. Chadwick. Mr. Julian said the notice was evidently intended to serve as a means of keeping those poor people out of their money, and, as it had been prepared in anticipation of the order of the court, he would call upon them to treat it as waste paper. The Mayor said he would feel it his duty, as chief maigstrate, to put a stop to the theatre, if Mr. Chadwick did not satisfy him he had satisfactorily adjusted the claims of those poor people. Mr. Bernard was of the opinion the appeal was intended to deprive the people of their money for a certain time. The appeal was accordingly rejected, and warrants were made out for immediate distress on the property of Mr. Chadwick.

Derry.

The eminent scholar, lecturer, and divine Dr. Cahill, has again delighted and instructed the people of Derry by his presence. On the evenings of Thursday and Friday last he delivered a course of two lectures on "Tides and Storms," in the Corporation Hall. Many from far distant localities came to hear an eloquence of which they had heard, but of which they had little idea until it burst upon them with a brilliancy and grandeur particularly his own. At eight o'clock precisely on each evening he made his appearance, and was received with every demonstration of enthusiastic welcome. On Friday evening he commenced the subject set apart for his second lecture, and from an audience considerably increased beyond the numbers of the preceding evening received the same warm welcome which greeted him on the previous occasion. Glancing at the inimitable field of science, reviewing the phenomena he had so ably described, and pointing out the splendors that surround the works of creation, he proceeded, in language having much of the awful sublimity of those wonderful tornadoes he had depicted to detail the unbounded magnificence of all; and said, "when we gaze on the grand spectacles presented by astronomy and science, and feel carried away by their stupendous beauty and sublime perfection, we must—as a talented writer has said—read three glorious letters, G O D, in the bright, blue, beautiful sky." Continuing thus for some time, he seemed to surpass himself, as sentence after sentence escaped from his lips; and when at length he concluded with a tribute of thanks to the audience for the applause they had so repeatedly bestowed on him during the course, he was cheered in a manner that must have powerfully impressed him with satisfaction as an answer to his hope "that they had received as much pleasure from his too short a visit, as he had in making their acquaintance." We have a few words to say, in placing before our readers the above imperfect notice of this illustrious and reverend gentleman's lectures. At times, when he seemed to enter deeply into the sublimities of his subject, he became so impresssively eloquent, that we fouud it excessively difficult to do aught but gaze on the man whose giant intellect played with the grand conceptions and phenomena he portrayed, as if they were the plainest problems in the simplest science.—*Journal.*

Arrangements have been for a grand Tenant Right demonstration in Coleraine. Mr. Sharman Crawford is expected to attend, and one object of the meeting will be to establish in Coleraine a branch of the "Ulster Tenant Right Association," after the example of Derry. We anticipate on the occasion a numerous assemblage, were it only to give an appropriate welcome to the hereditary patriarch of Tenant Right. During the week Counsellor Greer has been making his "progresses" with excellent effect throughout the county. On Thursday, the 15th ult., he had a numerous and enthusiastic meeting at Claudy, another at Greerstown on Friday, the 16th, and a third at Feeny and Dungiven, on Saturday, the 17th. On each of these occasions local branches in connection with the "Ulster Tenant Right Association" were formerly organized.—*Standard.*

A deputation of the friends of Tenant Right awaited on the Rev. Mr. Kearney, C. C., at Feeny, and presented him with a purse of sovereigns, as a mark of their esteem for his advocacy and exertions in the cause. The gift reflects great credit on the Presbyterians of the district, as it was Presbyterians who were the collectors and principal contributors—a positive proof of the harmony and good feeling that exists between the different creeds in that locality.—*Ibid.*

Donegal.

A new Catholic altar for the parish of Dungloe, has just been completed by Mr. Kirwan, of Bolton st., Dublin, for the parish chapel of Dungloe. The body of the altar is of Italian-veined marble, the panellings of Irish red. The enrichments of the side panels are exquisitely carved in the purest Carrara, and give a fulness to the graceful adornment of the centre panel, on which the Sacred Lamb incumbent on a cross, Bible, &c., in Carrara, relieved from the picturesque ground of our native marble, is wrought with wondrous skill. The caps, bases, and columns of the altar are of Saravezza marble, and are remarkable for their chaste and elaborate workmanship. The friezes of Connemara green, and the cornices of Italian veined, consort charmingly in the general effect. The cupola is formed of Carrara marble, column, cap, and base, the plinth of Irish green. On the door of the tabernacle is the monogram I.H.S., in interwined mediæval letters of delicate sculpture. The candle benches, table moulding, and frieze, are in fine keeping with the other constituents of this excellent production of native art, of which, by the way, the ornamentation presents some beautiful specimens of the *fleur-de-lis* and shamrock, symbols of the Trinity in France and Ireland.

Down.

The fine weather, during the last six months, has enabled the contractor to push forward with rapidity the works on the line of railway to Downpatrick and Ballynahinch, and several miles are already prepared for the rails. The railway, it is hoped, will be opened for traffic, as far as Ballynahinch, early in the ensuing spring, thus securing the traffic, during the summer, to Newcastle, "the Spa," &c. We believe the company intend early in the ensuing session of parliament to apply for a bill to make a line from the station at Hollywood, by Cultra, to Bangor, and onwards. It is almost unnecessary to say that this is a most desirable object, and that it will open up a splendid district of country to the inhabitants of Belfast. —*Belfast News-Letter.*

Dublin.

At a meeting of the trustees of the College of Maynooth, held at the Metropolitan Presbytery, Marlborough street, the Rev. Dr. C. Russell was elected President of the College, an appointment which will be received with the highest satisfaction. There were present at the meeting the Most Rev. Dr, Dixon, Primate; the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin; the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam; the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel; Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork, Right Rev. Dr. Feeney, Bishop of Killala; Right Rev. Dr. M'Nally, Bishop of Clogher; Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, Bishop of Down and Connor; Right Rev. Dr. Derry, Bishop of Clonfert; Right Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan, Bishop of Rapoe; Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick; Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Bishop of Meath; Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Elphin; the Earl of Fingal, Lord French, Lord Bellew, and Anthony J. Hussey, Esq. By Dr. Russell's elevation to this distinguished position, the chair of Ecclesiastical History in Maynooth College becomes vacant.

We are sorry to learn that a foolish and senseless run has prevailed—though only to a slight extent—at some branches of the National Bank and the Bank of Ireland. Simple people, who are not able to perceive how the stability of a bank may be ascertained, lose confidence in all, and, on the most inconceivable pretext, become seized with panic. The National Bank, however, soon put down the foolish feeling by the most ready response to every demand for gold. We need only repeat, that from the returns before us in the *Gazette*, no bank in this country is in a safer condition, nor more steadily extending and strengthening its influence, than the National Bank.—*Nation.*

It is generally understood in legal circles that, immediately after the opening of Michaelmas Term, the Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland will resign his judicial seat, and that Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, the present Attorney General for Ireland, will be elevated to that distinguished post. Mr. Christian, the Solicitor General, it is believed, will not accept the office of Attorney General, never having bestowed any attention on politics, and not having a seat in Parliament, in which case it will, in all probability, be conferred on Mr. Deasy, Q. C., member for the county of Cork.

The following bishops arrived in town early this week: His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Primate, Armagh; his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork; the Right Rev. Dr. Feeney, Bishop of Killala; Right Rev. Dr. M'Nally, Bishop of Clogher; Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, Bishop of Down and Connor; Right Rev. Dr. Derry, Bishop of Clonfert; Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick; Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Bishop of Meath; and the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, Bishop of Elphin.

The promised inquiry into the affairs and management of the Royal Hibernian Academy is to take place immediately. Mr. Norman M'Leod has been appointed by the government to hold the inquiry, and is expected in Dublin for that purpose during the course of the present week, or the succeeding one at farthest.—*Tablet.*

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen arrived in town from Rome, and we are happy to say his Grace is in the possession of excellent health.—*Telegraph.*

Galway.

The great sheep fair of this town came off, and as far as regards supply, quality, and remunerative prices, it has never before been surpassed. The number exhibited for sale amounted to nearly 30,000, being about 10,000 over last year, which reached the largest supply theretofore known. What is more remarkable still, the demand on the present occasion fully came up to the supply and the prices even exceeded the very sanguine expectations of sellers, being from 3s. to 4s. over the late rates of Ballinasloe, and from 6s. to 8s. over last year's prices here, taking an average of every description of stock. From three o'clock in the morning the green began to fill, and the supply continued to increase up to ten o'clock, when it reached the unprecedented number above stated. Sales began at early dawn, and before eleven o'clock the purchases reached nearly 20,000. Very few, if any, of the principal lots remained unsold. It is admitted upon every side that this was the largest and most important fair ever held in Tuam, which is now, admittedly, the second mart in Ireland for the sale of sheep and cattle.—*Tuam Herald.*

At Ballinasloe, after the conclusion of the business of the fair, 500 gentlemen dined together at M'Nevin's hotel, and subsequently 1,000 glasses of punch were in hands at the same time. On Wednesday, "the day of fast and humiliation," a like number partook of a sumptuous banquet, for which a stag was slaughtered!

King's County.

The Quarter Sessions of this county commenced at Philipstown, before Wm. N. Barron, Esq., assistant-barrister. The only case of importance was that of Timothy Byrne, who pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him with having in his possession at Derryoune, a proclaimed district, two guns on the 15th September last, he not having been duly licensed. Mr. Cooke, Sessional Crown Solicitor, stated that this was not an ordinary case, but one attended with aggravating circumstances. In the prisoner's house was found a model for making gunstocks, a quantity of powder, bullet-moulds, a ramrod for washing out guns, a bayonet and two guns. In fact, the man was a gunmaker and repairer for the whole district, and it was quite evident that it was not for the purpose of killing game on the bog in which he resided. On the day when the house of Mr. Dooley was attacked by an armed party, one of whom was fired at by Mr. Dooley's son, and supposed to be killed, some men with guns were seen close to the prisoner's house, which was the cause of the search, and the discovery of this armory. His worship sentenced the prisoner to be imprisoned for twelve calendar months.—*Saunders.*

Limerick.

The announcement of the death of the Very Rev. Dean Coll, V.G., Dean of Limerick, will be received by his many friends and admirers with feelings of the deepest sorrow. The sad event occurred on Monday morning, 19th October, at ten o'clock, at the residence of the Very Rev. gentleman, Newcastle West, of which extensive and important parish he had been the watchful and indefatigable Pastor for a period of thirty-one years. The Very Rev. Dean Coll endeared himself to the esteem, the admiration, and regard of every individual who had the happiness of an acquaintance with his exalted and apostolic character. As a preacher he was most effective and powerful, whether in vindicating the truths of religion, in pleading on behalf of the orphan or the miserable in denouncing vice, or in proclaiming the blessings and benefits of virtue. His style was ornate, eloquent, full of persuasion, captivating the heart by its redundant beauty, and convincing the reason by its clear and conclusive argumentation. His sermons accordingly attracted immense crowds whenever and wherever he preached—and never was the good Dean more successful than when he delineated with a master-hand the claims of the poor, or sought assistance for the forlorn orphan. He built a magnificent church in his parish, one of the finest country churches in the south of Ireland; he raised, with the co-operation of his venerable Bishop, the Right Reverend Doctor Ryan, at an expense to himself of over £1,000, a beautiful convent for the Sisters of Mercy, where the children of the town and neighborhood are gratuitously educated, whilst the sick poor are attended by the zealous Nuns. The Very Rev. Dean's last days were like those of his entire life, resigned to the will of God, and in the 66th year of his age, and the 44th year of his ministry, dying amid the lamentations of the people to whom he was ever attached, and by whom, in turn, he was sincerely beloved.—*Reporter.*

The Rev. Timothy Keane, R.C.C. of Rathkeale, was removed to Croom on the 17th ult., and replaced by the Rev. Mr. Gleeson, of the latter place. The inhabitants of the town and parish regret exceedingly the departure from amongst them of this worthy pastor, remarkable alike both for his gentlemanly deportment and transcendant virtues. The following gentlemen, viz.: E. J. Collins, Esq., R.M.; James Foley, Esq., Chairman of the Town Commissioners, &c.; David O'Hanlan, Esq., M.D.; and John M'Donnell, Esq., merchant—have formed a committee to raise a subscription to present him with a testimonial commensurate with the high esteem in which he was held by the parishioners for his many services.—*Ibid.*

The government has just issued a proclamation, revoking from Limerick and surrounding districts the proclamation of the Peace Preservation Act, which was extended to the city in the month of December, 1847, and more widely in May, 1848. We do not know why the city should have been permitted to remain so long under ban; but it is agreeable to find that, though late, the ban has been withdrawn, and that Orange Belfast, of tea fraud, Sunday preaching, and violent anti-Popery celebrity, is the only town in Ireland now groaning under the pressure of the unconstitutional enactment.—*Ibid.*

Mayo.

The Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of the Earl of Lucan, lord lieutenant of the county, has appointed Henry William Wilberforce, Esq., Innisboffin, to be a magistrate for the county of Mayo. Mr. Wilberforce has lately become a landed proprietor in the west of Ireland. He is also editor of *The London Weekly Register and Catholic Standard*. Mr. Wilberforce is brother to the Bishop of Oxford, and one of the distinguished Tractarian Converts to the Roman Catholic Church.—*Galway Vindicator.*

A very comfortable farmer named William Fadden, from the neighborhood of Ballintubber, was returning from Westport, where he had been selling a cartload of wheat, when from some cause or other, he strayed off the main road into a bog, where, melancholy to say, he was found dead. For some time past the unfortunate man's mind seemed disturbed, owing to the loss of a large sum of money which he sustained—we believe over £300. —*Constitution.*

Tipperary.

Letters from the town of Tipperary, published in the *Clonmel Chronicle*, state that there was a partial run on the Banks in the former place. The run continued on the Bank of Ireland and the National Bank, at both which offices gold was freely paid on demand. It was expected that the pressure would increase for the next few days, owing to the propagation of false rumors.

The Very Rev. Dr. Howley, P. P., Tipperary, announced at his Mass on Sunday, 18th ult., that if the inhabitant of that town, who had, about fourteen years ago, lost a large sum of money in the city of Cork, would now come forward and communicate with him (Dr. Howley), that his money would be restored to him.

A most daring attempt was made to take the chalice out of Mountrath Chapel, but it was unsuccessful. The chalice and other sacred vessels were locked up in an iron safe, which the sacrilegious thieves could not break open.

John White, Esq., of Cashel, has been appointed a magistrate for the county Tipperary, on the recommendation of the Right Hon. Lord Vicount Lismore.

Wexford.

A great boon has been conferred on the inhabitants of Enniscorthy by the recently opened Christian Brothers' School in their town. We visited the schools, and were surprised and pleased to observe the marked influence which these good men exercise over their juvenile pupils in the order and discipline which pervaded the numbers present. There are two rooms in which were assembled two hundred and forty children, who since they have come under the instruction of the brothers have acquired habits of cleanliness, and neatness of attire, both of which are so essential to the moral and social position of these children in after life. There are three brothers—two school brothers, and a serving brother—and as these men have left home and friends to teach gratuitously the poor, and as they have no money or funds at their own disposal, to extend the sphere of their labors, or support an establishment so much needed amongst the laborious classes—but what a truly charitable public bestow, we are satisfied that when the brothers appeal to the inhabitants of Enniscorthy and vicinity, that their call will be nobly and generously responded to.—*People.*

Wicklow.

The Hon. Mr. Proby will, as soon as possible, address the electors of the county of Wicklow, to solicit their suffrages at the election of a representative to serve in parliament for their county, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the elevation to the peerage of Lord Milton, consequent on the death of the late much lamented Earl of Fitzwilliam.—*D. E. Mail.*

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF BRITISH LEGISLATION.

Nothing surprises a foreigner coming to this country more than the inconsistency which appears to him in our statute-legislation, as opposed to our practical government; and this feeling of surprise is again, perhaps, surpassed by one of disappointment when he compares the endless boasting of English superiority in our institutions, with the now proverbial blundering in all our civil and military departments. In England statute-law and its practical administration are sometimes diametrically opposed; it is all liberty and toleration *on parchment*, but often tyranny and religious persecution in practice. The Senate House, in framing the laws, publishes universal equality before Europe, while the executive of these laws practices at home a notorious partiality. Nothing more liberal, more bland, than the juridical voice of Saint Stephen's, directed to the universal subjects of the Queen, yet, in the very hearing of these kind declarations, nothing more exclusive, more wounding, than that same voice when addressed in practical decision to the Catholic section of the population. In fact, English Parliamentary law in several grave cases of paramount importance, is a national flourish to gain a good name abroad, while its administrative application to the disfavored creed at home is the very definition of penal enactment and religious persecution. Repealed old grinding statutes, new enlarged concessions, executed amidst overwhelming British majorities used heretofore to throw dust in the eyes of the Catholic world, and prevent mankind from seeing in naked deformity the crushing deceit of this external show of legislative liberality; but recent events have led to the discovery of this British cheat in foreign States; and at this moment the best friends of the throne, and the fame and the interests of England denounce this system of fallacy, fraud, and injustice as the cause of these failures and misfortunes in our policy and our arms which tend to degrade the name and to weaken the power of the Empire.

Without going back to the thrilling topic of the Irish extermination of past years; or without wishing to utter anything offensive, perhaps unjust, to the landed proprietory of Ireland, the English Government, with a cruel indifference, has not interfered, while the astounding and *registered* number of at least *five hundred thousand men* have emigrated from Ireland since the year 1847. The Crimean war was not then a fact even to be conceived possible; the Indian mutiny in the opinion of the India Company was a contingency not worth a serious thought; and hence hundreds of thousands of able-bodied Irishmen were permitted, without regret or hindrance, to fly from the home of their fathers, and to endure sufferings by land and sea, which no pen or tongue have ever yet described. To be present at the departure of the trains from the interior towns of the country, or to stand on the deck of the emigrant ship as these creatures and their friends bid each other a final farewell, was a scene too overpowering for any man of feeling to witness without the most painful emotions; and whoever has had the courage and the pity to be present on these occasions of woe can never lose the recollections of the wild cries and the thrilling lamentations of these Irish children as the engine began to move, or the ship spread her canvass, carrying away slowly, and for ever, these poor victims of religious and political injustice. I shall not now use the word "persecution," but I shall employ the phrase "injustice," a term which all Europe now adopts in reference to this unprecedented emigration from Ireland. This English injustice to the poor Irish has cried for satisfaction: it was a natural cry, which Heaven could not overlook; and that satisfaction these poor exiles now have in their distant misfortunes, when they hear the loud cry which England now makes for help in India. Now she wants the men, the brave men, the invincible hearts which she has either expelled her shores, or allowed in her cruel neglect to be expatriated in deference to a crushing local bigotry. She is going now in begging suppliancy through the land, to seek assistance to fill the heartrending gaps made in her armies. She would now barter one of the jewels of her crown to call from the grave and from the exile the faithful children whom she neglected.

I shall now introduce an extract of a speech of Lord Ellenborough, delivered to the Agricultural Association of Winchcomb, where he *implores help* from the yeomen, and the laborers in this calamitous crisis of India! and this oration therefore is part of my brief in the present letter, to show the anomaly of English government in expelling hundreds of thousands of her subjects in a time of peace, forgetful of the probable contingency that the terrors of war might soon break over her shores, when she has just flung away the power of defending her empire—here is the extract:

Be assured that the Military Institutions of this country, *managed as they are now, are insufficient* permanentlyto supply the number of men required to reconquer what we have lost, and to hold our empire hereafter in security. It is only through a change in these Institutions that the necessary force can be maintained. . . . . If you will by your efforts keep up the militia to its complement, the regular army will take care of itself. It may cost more to draw the Recruit for the army through the militia; but the Recruit so obtained is, in most cases, one who would not have been procured at all unless he had at first entered the militia, and there acquired a taste for military service. Employ, in the obtaining Recruits, but half the zeal you would display in getting votes at Elections, and you *will certainly succeed.* I *ask you* only to do what I know you can do, and what I feel it is your duty to do for *the assistance of the country* in this critical juncture of affairs. It is impossible to over estimate its importance; there is nothing which man holds dear for which we have not now to fight. If we should not bear ourselves manfully in the contest now forced upon us, if we should not succeed in it, we must be content, not only to lose the noblest empire in the world, but to make the name of England be a bye-word of shame among the Nations.

And who can tell how soon England may be engaged in a war far more perilous and more calamitous than either the Crimean or the Indian united? Who can say whether our relations with France will always remain friendly? Napoleon does not profess more intimate political faith with England than the Russian Alexander did in 1815; and if we quarrelled with his son, wherefore should there not be a dispute in possibility with the French Emperor? The Russian General was by the side of Wellington after Waterloo; and yet our Lord Raglan met a foe in the Russian Gortschikoff at Sebastopol. No one can calculate the chances of national policy, or foretell the future temper of kings and peoples. Is it not, therefore, unwise, to say the least, to force Ireland still into the same emigration as in the past year? Would it not be a mark of better policy and of sounder wisdom to give new confidence to the Irish people, to inspire a higher national hope, to grant a law of just tenant right; and to provide for any coming contingent struggle with our powerful neighbors, by keeping at home the faithful sons of the soil of Ireland; and thus converting a subject of scandal, injustice, and weakness into one of virtue, honor, and strength.

Again, the next anomalous conduct of British legislation and practice is to be found in its professed toleration of Religious Liberty, while its whole practical career is one unceasing infliction, in some shape or other, of avowed persecution. All Europe is alive to the character of England in this item of her anomalous and inconsistent reputation. She publishes all over the world that her laws concede perfect freedom in the religious profession; yet from the Lord Chancellor down to the Parish Beadle it is all exclusion; and from the station of Commander-in-Chief or Admiral down to the knitting-girl or scullion, it is all the perfect system of organized partiality. The incredible bigotry or practical contradiction of our statute laws has tarnished the name of England in every Court of Europe; and it has awakened the Catholic Cabinets to frame laws to meet the insidious schemes of the Biblical emissaries of England in their attempt to raise the standard of rebellion, and indeed infidelity, in all the neighboring Catholic kingdoms. From an extract of a speech lately delivered by Mr. Gladstone, in the Music Hall at Chester, it will appear that he ascribes the present mutiny in India partly to the belief amongst the Hindoos that the British Government intended to change their religion *by force*; and this feeling of the Hindoos was excited by the furious conduct of the Biblical Missionaries amongst them. We in Ireland need not be told of the conduct of these agents; they have created a little mutiny in every town and village which they have entered; and from Dingle to Belfast we have sad evidence of the spread of discord and vengeance which everywhere hang on their path.

D. W. C.

Wexford, Thursday, Oct. 22.

THE MATHEW MONUMENT—LETTER FROM WM. SMITH O'BRIEN.

CAHERMOYLE, Newcastle West, Oct. 16, 1857.

MY DEAR MAGUIRE:—I am desirous, before the subscription list for a monument in memory of Father Mathew be closed, to offer my contribution to this fund. The object which has been espoused with such honorable zeal by the citizens of Cork ought to be considered as a national, rather than as a local, undertaking. Though Cork may naturally claim to be chosen as the most appropriate site for a monument commemorative of one who was so long and so closely connected with that city, yet the labors of Father Mathew were more than co-extensive with the limits of this island, and his memory is fondly cherished in localities the most remote from his place of birth and residence. I myself once enjoyed the privilege of meeting him on the shores of Lough Swilly; and, though in the South he may have been often surrounded by denser masses of people, he was never greeted with more fervent enthusiasm than was displayed towards him by the inhabitants of Innishowen. He also won for his cause a triumph such as has rarely been achieved on Irish ground—that of obtaining from those who differed with him in religious convictions a degree of confidence and attachment which could scarcely be surpassed on the part of those who worshipped at the same altar with him. For myself, whether he be or be not canonized as a saint by the Church of Rome, I am disposed to regard him as an Apostle who was specially deputed on a divine mission by the Almighty, and invested with power almost miraculous. To none of the ordinary operations of human agency can I ascribe the success which attended his efforts to repress one of the besetting sins of the Irish nation. If I had read in history that such success had attended the labors of an unpretending priest, whose chief characteristic was modest simplicity of demeanor, I own that I should have distrusted the narrative as an exaggeration; but we have all of us been witnesses to the fact that myriads simultaneously obeyed his advice, and, at his bidding, abandoned a favorite indulgence. Even now, though the fervor of a first impulse has long since departed, we have the satisfaction of perceiving that the enduring effect of his teaching has been to establish total or comparative abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors amongst the population of Ireland.

On other grounds too, of a totally different kind, I rejoice that the citizens of Cork have resolved to erect a testimonial in honor of the memory of Father Mathew. I confess that it pains and humiliates me to perceive the readiness with which my countrymen award honorary distinction to the representatives of English dominion in this country without considering whether by their personal merits, or by their connection, past or future, with this country they can rightly claim a title to couple their names with the institutions and memorials of Ireland. I was amused by finding, in a Cork newspaper which reached me lately, an illustration of this tendency, in the name given to a building appropriated to the insane, which is called "The Eglinton Lunatic Asylum." Now, though I am not jealous of the association of names, which I find in this particular case, I protest against the practice which has hitherto prevailed of leaving unhonored the memory of the most illustrious children of our own soil, whilst we bestow compliments, often empty, because undeserved, upon every delegate who may be sent for a time to administer among us the dominion of England. Impressed with these feelings, I have recently witnessed with much satisfaction, the erection of a statue in Limerick to the memory of O'Connell, which will, I trust, be soon followed by the construction of a memorial in honor of Patrick Sarsfield. Under the influence of the same feelings, I now hail as an evidence of improved sentiment the determination of the citizens of Cork to erect a monument, which, it is to be hoped, will be not unworthy of one of the greatest benefactors that ever conferred blessings under Providence upon the inhabitants of this island.

Allow me to add that it has also given me much pleasure to learn that you have undertaken to write the biography of our illustrious fellow-citizen. The author of "Rome and its Ruler" cannot fail to do justice to the virtues of his distinguished and revered fellow-countryman.

Believe me, my dear Maguire, with much respect, yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

John Francis Maguire, Esq., M.P., Cork.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

October 17, at Churchtown, county Cork, by the Rev. D. O'Leary, P.P., Richard Batterberry, Esq., Mallow, to Ellen, daughter of Daniel Murphy, Esq., of Egmont.

At St. Anne's Church, Arthur H. Bond, of Bondville, county Armagh, to Letitia, daughter of the late Major Bond, of Ardglass, county Westmeath.

At Waterford, John Farrell, Esq., to Kate, daughter of the late Walter Farrell, Esq.

October 14, in the Catholic Church of Westport, by Very Rev. Dean Burke, Stephen Gibbons, Esq., of that town, son of Matthew Gibbons, Esq., of Castlebar, county Mayo, to Henrietta Murray.

On the 19th ult., at Monkstown Church, Alfred son of the late James Mongan, of Ely place, Dublin, Barrister-at-law, to Amelia Anne, daughter of Richard Purcell, of Kingstown.

In St. Mark's Church, Dublin, Andrew Morris, Esq., of Rathdown, county Wicklow, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late John Gray, Esq., of Leabeg, in the same county.

DEATHS.

October 19, of paralysis, in Barrack street, Cork, Mr. John Barry.

October, 17, at Leighsbrook, Navan, Mary, wife of Edward Bewley, M.D.

At the Bleeding Horse, Camden street, Dublin, Mr. Christopher Brady, aged 54.

At Fairview House, county Tyrone, James Browne, Esq., of Ellenvale, Newry.

At Ratory, county Louth, in the 92d year of his age, John Coleman, Esq.

October 10, at Fenloe, county Clare, Anne Vandeleur Creagh, daughter of the late Captain James Creagh, of Corbally, county Clare.

On the 14th ult., Alice, relict of Mr. William Critchly, of Bray, aged 75 years.

On the 10th ult., after a lingering illness, deeply lamented by a large circle of sorrowing friends, Mr. Owen Daly, Mill street, Monaghan, aged 52 years.

In the Convent of Mercy, Cork, Sister Rose Doherty, daughter of the late Nicholas Doherty, Esq., of Ballydruid, county Tipperary.

At Dundalk, after a few hours' illness, Mrs. Hugh Dooley, of the Lodge, Coolderry.

At Tramore, Richard Duckett, Esq., for several years a magistrate of the county Waterford.

October 16, Bridget, wife of Michael Dulgan, formerly of Belevan, near Kilkenny.

At Goorey Lodge, county Donegal, Susan, wife of John Harvey, sen., Esq.

October 29, the beloved wife of Major Henry Kean, 85 Ormean road, Belfast.

On the 18th ult., at his residence, 22 Capel street, Dublin, Mr. John Kilbee.

In Middle Abbey street, aged 70 years, Mr. Thomas Maguire.

At Castle Anner, Clonmel, Sophia, relict of John S. Mandeville.

On the 17th ult, John M'Gowan, Esq., M.D., of Carrickfergus.

At Kingstown, in the 30th year of her age, Jane Elizabeth, wife of Edward M'Intosh, of Coolehill, county Cavan.

At her residence, 27 Capel street, Dublin, Eliza, the beloved wife of Patrick Mooney.

October 9, in Limerick, Mary, relict of M. O'Shaughnessy, Esq., of Kildysart, and mother of the Rev. E. O'Shaughnessy, C.C., Callaghan's Mills, county Clare.

At Violet hill, Jane, daughter of the late Marcus Patterson, Esq., of The Abbey, Ennis.

At Barrowville, county Carlow, Jane Margaret, wife of Thomas James Rawson, Esq., M.D

October 8, in the Presentation Convent, Kilkenny, Mother Mary De Sales, Meighan, in the 82d year of her age, and 62d of her religious profession. This venerable lady was one of the founders of the Convent.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE "MOD" OF ST. KILDA.—In the island of St. Kilda, far out among the waves of the Atlantic, is a purely Celtic population, retaining many of the earlier customs of the race. They have never been brought into contact with our civil government, and they have no sheriffs, goals, or policemen. Yet they have important causes to be decided: an annual division has to be made of their rocks for fowling; the birds caught on neighboring islands have to be allocated; and disputes of various kinds among the community arranged. And how is this done? Just by means of the "mod." The men of the island, as often as needs be, meet in a certain spot, and there, as round the Indian council fire, settle the affairs of the nation. The writer of these sentences, along with some friends, visited this distant island a few years ago. They had brought along with them several articles as presents to the poor people. The fears of the party were awakened with regard to the division of the presents, and they doubted much whether they could be apportioned without giving offence. On consulting with one of the community, he at once relieved their fears, saying, "Oh, leave that to ourselves!" This was accordingly done, and in half an hour the whole was divided without a murmur. It was done at their "mod," an institution of which we have a perfect specimen among a purely Celtic population in this secluded island.—*Celtic Gleanings.*

PORTRAIT OF CORTES.—One who knew him well, and whose descriptions of men are often as minute as if he were noting animals for sale, thus depicts Cortes: "He was of good make and stature; well proportioned and stalwart. The color of his face inclined to pallor, and his countenance was not very joyful. His eyes, when he looked at you, had an amiable expression, otherwise, a haughty one. His beard was dark and thin, and so was his hair. His ch at was deep, and his shoulders finely formed. He was slender, with very little stomach; somewhat bow-legged, with well-turned thighs and ankles. He was a good horseman, and dexterous in the use of all arms, as well on foot as on horseback; and, above all, he had heart and soul, which are what is most to the purpose. When very angry, there was a vein which swelled in his forehead, and another in his throat, but, however enraged, his words were always mild and decorous. He was remarkably clean and neat in his person, not delighting much in fine silks or velvets, or gorgeous ornaments. His present grandeur of estate sat upon him with the easiness of a well-fitting robe that had long been worn, and he presented in no way the appearance of a new-made man. He seemed rather to have come to some high fortune which had been awaiting him from his birth."—*He'ps's Spanish Conquest.*

THE LATE STORM IN FRANCE.—Accounts from the south of France state that the damage done by the late storms have been much greater than was at first thought. Several houses have been washed away, and among them the establishment occupied by the Sisters of Charity. Fortunately the inhabitants had sufficient notice of their danger to escape, but with the loss of their property. The damage done to the Southern Railway has been very considerable; the communication has been restored, but very material repairs will be necessary. At Cette the lightning struck no less than five houses, and a vessel in the port had both her topmasts shivered. The signal-post at the end of the jetty was also struck by the lightning, and split from top to bottom. Gardens in all directions have been ravaged, everything having been swept away by the torrents. At Pezenas, in Languedoc, the river Peyne overflowed its banks, and did great damage to the vineyards on its banks, besides sweeping away the vats, baskets, &c., employed in the vintage. Some extensive market gardens in the vicinity of the town were torn up; trees and hedges were uprooted; and in the town itself and neighborhood several houses were inundated.

A STREET SCENE AT MARSEILLES.—The *Semaphore* of Marseilles says: "A terrible storm of rain burst over this city yesterday, and in a few minutes the Cannebiere was converted into an impetuous torrent. A strange scene then took place. A woman, with a child in her arms, attempting to cross the street, was unable to resist the force of the water, and being carried away, in a few minutes disappeared under the stream. A man, who had taken refuge under a gateway, dashed in after her, but was himself powerless against the force of the water. The whole of the three would have perished, had not five men joined their hands together and made a united effort to contend against the current. By great exertions they succeeded in rescuing the three persons in danger, all of whom were taken out of the water exceedingly exhausted."

INDIA.—The territory in India which owns British sway is about the size of Austria, Prussia, France and Belgium put together. The Bengal Presidency is about the size of Turkey in Europe, but four times as populous. The Madras Presidency is not much larger than Spain, but contains a population equal to Spain and Portugal combined. Belgium, the most thickly populated country in Europe, contains 337 persons to the square mile: but in some districts of Bengal there are 698 to a square mile. The population to every square mile in England is 304; in Ireland, 242; in Scotland, 110; and France, 168; but that of British India, notwithstanding the vast forests and the thousands of acres still uncultivated, reaches 124 persons to the square mile. The wages of a native laborer are about 7s. a month; in E gland they are 40s.

ANTI-CELIBACY CLUBS.—Several female clubs have been formed in the departments of the Var and the Gironde in France, for mutual relief against celibacy. The original club, after which the others are modelled, has been in existence for four years. Each member pays 10fr. monthly to the treasurer. These subscriptions produce annually 24,000fr., to which is added the amount raised by two half-yearly lotteries, of which the prizes are composed of valuable articles, the gift of the members. The original club is composed of 200 young ladies. At the end of the year the society is enabled to dispose of 30,000fr. or 40,000fr., which serve to give a marriage portion to two or three of the members, chosen by ballot. If the fortunate candidates are not married within a year, the money returns to the common fund, and additional candidates are portioned the following year. The members of the club continue to pay their subscriptions for ten years after their marriage, and are bound to facilitate by all means in their power the marriage of their former associates. The members of the association, married or single, are bound as long as they live to aid and succor their fellow-members under all circumstances.

CIRCULATION OF NEWS IN INDIA.—Throughout Hindostan there exists among the natives a system of correspondence such as might naturally have originated amongst an ingenious people. Every native chief—prince, rajah, or zemindar—has his agents at headquarters or some central point, to state his grievances, urge his claims, and report progress. The agent is anxious to do his duty, and to magnify the importance of his functions. He transmits to his chief—khan, rajah, banker, or zemindar—a news-letter. The Indian chief holds, in his *kucharee* (court or office) or under his "tree," a species of *soiree*, at which the daintiest part of the entertainment is the reading of this agent's letter. Those who muster at the gathering carry away with them the news, the sedition, the instigation, or whatever may be transmitted by that channel. This is one of those modes—one of those underground telegraphs—by which information has travelled so rapidly among the natives, and by which a certain means of conspiracy is permanently kept up. These communications are made in cipher, sometimes in parables, unintelligible to any but the initiated.

HEROISM REWARDED.—During the recent inundation in France, the house and garden of a man named Avon, at Pont-d'Aubenas, were completely destroyed. It was by the savings of his life that Avon had been able to purchase them, and it was from the proceeds of his garden that he maintained himself, his wife, and aged mother. The loss of them was, consequently, his complete ruin. But at the moment the disaster befell him, two children belonging to a neighbor were carried away by a torrent; and he, thinking nothing of his loss, and at some risk to his own life, plunged into the water and rescued them both. The prefect of the department, in visiting the localities ravaged by the inundation, summoned Avon before him, and thus addressed him in presence of a considerable number of official personages: "Avon, the Emperor has been informed of your heroism in saving two children at the very moment at which all you possessed was swept away! His Majesty desires that your house shall be rebuilt, and he has charged me to present you with this purse for the purpose!"

AUTUMN LEAVES.—Autumn leaves by millions rotting in heaps unheeded, and yet each one a microscopic wonder of contrivance. And this snow-wreath that half envelopes them, made up of myriads of crystals, melting while I look at them. What an utter waste it seems! Wisdom and beauty flung wholesale into the pit of corruption. Until the day of resurrection we shall never comprehend this melancholy mystery. Then shall atoms all be portioned out, and every organized particle of the earth's crust be found to be part of some soul's tabernacle. Then shall we understand how Cæsar's dust has also lived in the leaf, and his moisture effloresced in the snow, duly to be restored and produced when time and its uses are no longer; but meanwhile used everywhere, and nothing lost, mislaid, wasted or forgotten.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS.—The Emperor of Russia is about to abolish serfdom in his dominions. In a manifesto from the Emperor, the landowners will be invited to come to an arrangement with peasants relative to the emancipation of the latter. The contracts between the owners and the peasants must contain these three clauses: "1. The land appropriated to each peasant to be farmed on the payment of rent, must be sufficient for his existence and for that of his family. 2. The peasants must not undertake to leave, at least for the present, the lands they now occupy. 3. The payment of the taxes due to the state must be guaranteed." The other clauses of the arrangement are to be left to the free will of the contracting parties.

THE HOLY LAND.—The rich present, and votive offerings sent by the Austrian Archduke, Ferdinand Maximilian, to Jerusalem, in memory of his late pilgrimage to the holy places, have reached that city, and excited the admiration of all beholders. They are a magnificent altar, with all its appurtenaces, a splendid carpet, chandeliers, a statue (full-sized) of bronze of St. Helena, on a pedestal of green serpentine, and a missal beautifully bound in velvet and gold. There were other handsome presents besides, for the patriarch, the Turkish rulers, the Austrian consulate and the convents of Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—A letter published in a London paper says that at Lagos, the greatest slave market in Africa, the supply of slaves is obtained by the king from the Jaboo country where all prisoners of war are considered as slaves. The price paid by him is a roll of tobacco for two, the cost of the tobacco being from twenty-five to thirty dollars. The dealer pays the king about sixty dollars for each slave —a young and well grown man bringing seventy-five dollars, while an inferior "piece of goods" brings from thirty to forty dollars. The writer states that in 1853 the cost of importation to Havana, was computed at about seventy-five dollars each, and that they brought in that city about one thousand dollars each, while in Brazil they would bring only five hundred dollars.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—Some idea may be formed of the immense exertions that are being made to complete the gigantic hull of the Great Eastern and its appurtenances, when we state that there are no fewer than 1,700 men continually employed upon it, and that workmen are engaged day and night preparing the timber and iron work for the launching cradles. The cost for wages and salaries to artisans, laborers, and employees in the building yard, has, we understand, reached the large sum of £2,600 for one week. These extraordinary efforts are necessary, in order that the arrangements shall be completed by the 3d of November, on which day, favored by the high spring tides, it has been definitely settled that the launch of the leviathan ship shall take place.—*English paper.*

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LAW.—Long ridges of arid rocks surround in chaotic confusion every side; the sharp broken peaks of granite, far and near, are all equally desolate. Mighty floods seem once to have burst over the mountain tops, breaking them like potsherds, filling the valleys with huge boulders in their furious course, depositing no fertile soil. In these arid regions nature appears dead, the very stream which issues near the summit was frozen, and all around was dry and blasted as Judaism itself. The world presents few places so fitted to be the scene of the events recorded to have occurred in them as this; the stern majesty of those mountains, the wild grandeur of those rocky passes are well calculated to impress the mind with awe.—*Sinai and the Hedjaz.*

MOUNT VESUVIUS.—A recent letter from Naples says: "On Thursday we had one of the finest eruptions of Vesuvius possible to be seen. Towards seven at night the crater appeared all on fire. Long flames suddenly arose from it; then the lava gushed forth on a very broad surface and with very great rapidity, in the direction of the Fosse Delle Faraone, and in less than three hours it had run over all the distance that separates the crater from the Atrio del Cavallo, the place where stand the Vesuvian Observatory and the famous hermitage which serves as a refuge for travellers of all countries. All the quays of Naples were thronged with people admiring this beautiful eruption."

A CONGREGATION CAUGHT.—A clergyman in this city, says the *Bristol Times*, noticing a few Sundays ago that the attendance was very thin when a collection was about to be made, intimated to his churchwardens just before the sermon that it was best to postpone it. It was accordingly deferred, but no day named. On the following Sunday evening the church was very full of fair weather attendants, who concluded that the "shilling storm had blown over;" but in spite of their shrewdness they were "caught in a shower." A brief notice informed them that the collection would then be made. It was made and proved a very good one.

POWER OF THE SUN.—A distinguished chemist, in a recent lecture, while showing that all species of moving power have their origin in the rays of the sun, stated that while the iron tubular railway bridge over the Menai Straits in England, 400 feet long, bent but half an inch under the heaviest pressure of a train, it will bend up an inch and a half from its usual horizontal line when the sun shines on it for some hours. He stated that the Bunker Hill monument is higher in the evening than in the morning of a sunny day. The little sunbeams enter the pores of the stone like so many wedges, lifting it up.

THE PLAINS OF TROY.—The Plains of Troy, so famed and flourishing in ancient days, are now barren and desolate. The classic Scamander is but a muddy stream, winding through an uncultivated plain, covered with stunted oaks, underwood, and rushes. At the opposite extremity of the plain stood the tombs of Hector and Achilles; that of the latter near the Hellespont, where the Greek fleet was moored. Near is the grave of his friend Patroclus. Grecian glories are now reduced to a few tumuli about thirty feet high.

JEWS.—Present in all countries, with a home in none; intermixed, and yet separated; and neither amalgamated nor lost; but like those mountain streams which are said to pass through lakes of another kind of water, and keep a native quality to repel commixture, they hold communion without union, and may be traced as rivers without banks in the midst of the alien element which surrounds them.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.—The most recent addition that has been made to this noble collection of Irish antiquities consists of a bronze celt, spear-head, and sword, of great rarity and value, presented by Dr. Kelly, of Mullingar. The first-named weapon has been pronounced by members of the Academy to be one of the finest specimens extant.

CENSUS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.—The population of New South Wales, according to the census of 1856, was estimated at 266,189, but if allowance is made for the increase from emigration and the excess of births over deaths since it was taken—now nearly 18 months—it must be very nearly 300,000. It is interesting to notice the component elements of this aggregate. As might have been expected in the oldest colony, the native born Australians furnish the large proportion of 42 1-2 per cent., while the united kingdom furnishes about 55 per cent. Of the other nations Germany supplies the largest proportion.

ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.—Sir William O'Shaughnessy has, it is said, left England for India, by way of Constantinople, where he will arrange with the Turkish Government for the construction of a telegraph from that city to Bagdad. This line will be constructed by the Turkish Government, be under its sole control, and be connected with the East India Company's telegraph down the Persian Gulf to Kurrachee.

A melancholy affair has occurred in Spain. A young couple, belonging to somewhat wealthy families of Mota del Marques, in the province of Vallodolid, were recently married, and their parents gave a grand feast, to which, in accordance with the custom of the country, any one was free to go. When the festivity was at its height, a man, belonging to the village, stalked into the house, and, after insulting the bridegroom, told the bride that she ought not to marry. This created great discontent and he was turned out of the house. An hour after, as the bride, accompanied by her mother, her brother, and some female friends, was proceeding to the house which had been prepared for her and her husband, the man suddenly rushed on her from the corner of a street and stabbed her twice with a poignard in the breast; she fell dead. Her brother rushed on the assassin, but he broke from him, stabbed him twice with the poignard, and took to flight. The wounds were found to be very grave, and the next day the young man died. The assassin was subsequently arested.

The custom of blessing *gloves* at the coronation of the Kings of France, which still subsists, is a remnant of the Eastern practice of investure by a *glove*. A remarkable instance of this ceremony is recorded. The unfortunate Emperor Conradin was deprived of his crown and life by the usurper, Manfred. When, having ascended the scafiold, the injured prince, lamenting his hard fate, asserted his right to the crown, and as a token of investure threw his *glove* among the crowd, entreating it might be sent to some of his relations who would revenge his death, it was taken up by a knight, and brought to Peter king of Arragon, who, in virtue of this glove, was afterwards crowned at Palermo.

A letter from Lisbon, dated 8th of October, says: "The fever is unfortunately still devastating the business part of the city, and trade is almost paralyzed—the receipts of the Custom House, which are usually £2,000, are now only some £200 per diem. All Lisbon is flying into the suburbs and into the country; the principal warehouses are closed, and the opera-house and theatres are almost deserted. Many strangers have fallen victims to the fever, which appears to be of a most virulent kind, and to set all medical skill at defiance. Many of the cases are attended with black vomit, and the disease is designated by the faculty as very difficult of treatment."

It is a remarkable proof of the complete destruction of Nineveh that none of the historians of Alexander's campaigns allude to it, though he must have passed within a few miles of it, on his way to fight the battle of Arbela. Xenophon, in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, probably saw its ruins; though we cannot speak with certainty from his description. But Lucian of Samosata confirms the decay of Nineveh, which he had good means of knowing.

The handsome statue in white marble of the Empress Josephine, which was exhibited during the summer in the grand nave of the Palace of Industry at Paris, has been removed to Havre for shipment to Martinique, the birthplace of the Empress, where it is to be erected.

Colonel Titus, in his pamphlet, "Killing no Murder," speaks thus of Cromwell: "You truly may be called the father of your country; for, while you live, we can call nothing our own; and it is to your death that we look for our inheritance."

A lawsuit is now pending in France, in which two hundred thousand francs depend upon one apostrophe. If the apostrophe exists, each of two nephews receives one hundred thousand francs; if it does not exist, each receives two hundred thousand.

A letter from St. Petersburgh says: "The construction of screw steamers for transport and other services is being urged on with vigor. Not only are our building yards in full activity, but several orders have been given to shipbuilders abroad."

Mr. W. E. Gladstone is at present engaged in a translation of Homer's "Iliad" into English verse, a subject which has absorbed at various times the attention of some of the finest intellects.

The Porte, it was rumored, had refused an application made by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe for permission to enrol irregular troops in Albania, Syria, and Asia, for service in India.

A report by Prince Napoleon on the Great Exhibition of 1855 has appeared. The total visitors were 5,162,000; the receipts were £115,000 —the expenses nearly three times as much.

HOME MISCELLANY.

NEW YORK CITY AND STATE ELECTIONS.—The last election was, so far as this city is concerned, the quietest and most orderly that we have any remembrance of. Accounts concur in representing the election throughout the State generally to have been marked by the same characteristics. Only in two or three wards were there even any indications of rowdyism, and in those they did not amount to more than mere squabbles. The law making it a penalty to sell liquor on election day was generally observed, and there were very few cases of drunkenness to be observed in the neighborhood of the polling places, whether it was on account of the difficulties in trade and the money market, or of the supposed unimportance of the offices to be filled, there was no excitement or interest noticeable in connection with the election. There are over eighty thousand voters in the city. Of this number but 58,000 went to the polls. The greatest falling off was among the Know-Nothings, that party polling 12,000 votes less now than they did on last November. The day was dry, cool, and breezy—one that ought to have called forth a full vote. But there was neither President, Governor, nor Congress to elect; and to this fact, in our opinion, is to be attributed the absence of that excitement so usual heretofore on election days. The result of the day's polling, however, has been satisfactory to the Democratic party, as it has been overwhelming and disastrous to their opponents. In New York and Brooklyn, that party has succeeded in electing every Senator, and nearly every member of the Assembly, by a vote of two to one over the forces of all the others combined. The judicial ticket has been equally successful, every name on it being returned without exception. From the State the accounts are equally encouraging. At the time we write (Friday, 6th instant,) the indications are, that the entire Democratic ticket, consisting of Secretary of State, Comptroller, Attorney-General, State Treasurer, Canal Commissioner, State Engineer and Surveyor, State Prison Inspector, and Judge of Court of Appeals, have been triumphantly elected. It is supposed on good grounds that both branches of the Legislature will stand as follows: Senate—Democrats, 17; Republicans, 13; Independent, 1; American 1. Assembly—Democrats, 68; Republicans, 50; Americans, 4. The neighboring State of New Jersey has also done well. There will be Democratic majorities, in both the Senate and Legislature, according to the following table: Senate—Democrats, 15; Opposition, 6. House—Democrats, 38; Opposition, 22. Democratic majority on Joint ballot, 25. Last year the Senate stood—Democrats, 8; Opposition, 9. And the House—Democrats, 37; Opposition, 23. The Know-Nothing faction has been entirely obliterated. It has ceased to exist in this Empire State. It is ignored by its former partizans, and has at length become the object of general reprobation and scorn. In Baltimore only has it an existence, and there, true to the instincts of its corrupt nature, has it succeeded in giving that devoted city the appearance of a pandemonium. Voters in the exercise of their rights have been driven from the polls, and massacred in cold-blood, and altogether the city presented rather the appearance of a place infested by demons than the abode of men.

ITINERANT MUSICIANS.—In the vicinity of certain places in the Second, Third and Fourth Wards of the city of Philadelphia, known as Essex street, Donley's-court, Crans'-court and Dickson's-court, reside people who in the daytime perambulate our thoroughfares, and at night collect together in domestic enjoyment. We allude to the organ grinders, to whom a few days since, out of pure curiosity, our reporter paid a visit. The houses of the neighborhood are rather dilapidated, and but few articles of furniture are to be found, and those of the rudest description. Five and even seven families live in the same building, occupying a room apiece. The members are nearly without exception Italians, the majority of them, however, speaking broken English. The fraternity appeared to regard a stranger in the light of an intruder, and were not disposed to be communicative, the only access to their intelligence being through the medium of coin. With considerable difficulty we succeeded in enlisting a woman upon our side, and obtained from her many items of information. From her account, it appears that the number of organ-grinders in the three wards we have alluded to, is at least *one hundred*, and that the average earnings of each daily will reach $3. They generally leave their homes early in the morning on their tour, and occasionally visit sections of adjacent country, sometimes even extending their walk for one or two hundred miles through the State. On these occasions their expenses are but trifling, as almost any country tavern-keeper will give them a meal and lodging for the sake of their music. It is no uncommon thing for the organ-grinders to acquire considerable sums of money, and they have already, by voluntary subscriptions, built an Italian church in their midst. Instances have occurred in which, after a few years' labor in this country, members of the "profession" have returned to Italy actually with a competence for their future life.—*Philadelphia Evening Journal.*

THE LAST OF A FORTUNE.—A correspondent lately had an opportunity of seeing upon the back of a Bridgeport City bill, of two dollars denomination, the following: "This is the last left to me of an ill-spent fortune of $40,000. The reason of my still being a possessor of this, is occasioned by the bank having, like myself, suspended."

A REMARKABLE STORY.—The following occurrence is reported to have taken place recently at Attapulgus, Georgia: A gentleman who had received a considerable sum of money was compelled to go from home, leaving his wife alone in the house, situated some distance from any other dwelling. Towards evening two negroes entered the house and demanded of the lady the money, or they would take her life. Being a woman of great coolness, she saw at once that it would be useless for her to attempt to evade the demand, so she produced the money, and gave it to them. The negroes then remarked that, as supper was nearly ready, they would stay and eat with her. She told them to be seated until she got it ready. The woman had a vial of strychnine in her cupboard. The woman, in sweetening their coffee, managed to put a dose of poison in their cups. They drank, and in a few moments were dead. The neighbors were called in, and the negroes discovered to be white men in disguise—near neighbors and friends of her husband, who had known of his receiving the money.

THE SIZE OF MAN.—It is a very common opinion that, in the early ages of the world, men in general possessed superior physical properties, and were of greater size than at present. But all the facts and circumstances which can be brought forward on this subject tend to show that the human form has not degenerated, and that men of the present age are of the same stature as at the beginning of the world. Thus, all the remains of the human body, the bones, and particularly the teeth, which have been found unchanged in the most ancient urns and burial places, demonstrate this point clearly. The oldest coffin in the world is that found in the great pyramid of Egypt; and this sarcophagus hardly exceeds the size of our ordinary coffin, being six feet and a half long. That we are not degenerating from the effects of civilization is clear, because the savages do not exceed us in height.

LONGEVITY AND HEALTH.—In passing from Alexandria to Gordonsville, Virginia, along the railroad, and five or six miles from Rappahannock river, the traveller enters a neighborhood remarkable for the age and health of the inhabitants. Within a few miles of this part of the railroad there are forty white persons whose united ages amounted to rather more than 2,804 years. The average age is over seventy-one years. Twenty are males and twenty are females. We find eight couples who have lived together between forty and sixty years, and raised large families; two old bachelors, one the richest and the other the poorest of the set. All are in good health. Lately a lady died ninety years old. A few years since, one citizen died at the age of one hundred and eight.—*Alexandria Sentinel.*

THE UNION.—It is very probable that early in the approaching session of Congress, three new States will apply to be admitted into the Union, and become co-equal and co-ordinate members of our great confederacy. The aspirants for this honor are the Territories of Oregon, Minnesota, and Kansas. Of these, Minnesota alone has finally adopted a constitution—the Conventions of the other two being now at work framing their fundamental law. Thus the number of the United States will be thirty-four. The places of the Territories advanced to the more elevated condition of States, will probably soon be filled by the organization of Arizona, Dacotah, and Carson, for which, it is said, the necessary steps are being taken.

A BOY SHOT BY HIS OWN FATHER.—A shocking tragedy occurred in Rangely, Franklin County, Maine, recently. A boy was shot by his own father, whose name is Henry Wilbur, and who has at times been subject to insanity. The boy, a lad of eleven years, was lying sick with fever, and so low as to be unable to help himself. Coming into the room, the father deliberately took down his gun from the wall, and, before his intentions became known, fired with unflinching aim at his son on the bed. The shot took effect in a vital part, and the lad lingered but a few hours, and died. The unhappy father was suffering from mental aberration at the time.

HOW A DUTCH BANKER CONDUCTED BUSINESS UNDER THE PRESSURE.—John Schmidt is a German Banker in Louisville. He suffered a run, was compelled to suspend, but did not close his doors. He simply stuck up a notice in high Dutch that he was going to have some money pretty soon. Two days after he took down the notice and put up another, stating that he had $15,000 on hand. There was another run, and the $15,000 was soon gone. John put up the old notice again, and next day was in funds, when, in accordance with his old plan, he changed the notice. At last accounts there was no run on John Schmidt, and his depositors had all come back to him.

DISCOVERY OF A HUMAN CRANIUM 180 FEET UNDER GROUND.—At the first October meeting of the Boston Natural History Society, D. A. A. Hayes read a letter from Dr. Winslow of Troy, presenting to the Society a supposed fragment of a human cranium, found in California, 180 feet below the surface of Table Mountain. It was found in the claim of Col. Hubbs, and was brought up with the "pay dirt." Remains of the Mastodan have been found in the same locality, but not at so great a depth.

NATURALIZATION QUALIFICATIONS.—General Cass has decided that the five years' residence, necessary to naturalization, need not be continuous, but that a man may reside here, and then go abroad, and then return, and if he has been in the country five years in all, his residence abroad will make no difference.

BIRD TRADE.—There are twenty thousand song birds of different kinds sold yearly in the city of New York. Most of these are canaries. The bird merchants go to Europe about the 1st of August, and buy their stock of canaries, linnets, finches, blackbirds, and thrushes, of the Germans, who raise them for sale. They come back in September and October. The pure golden yellow canary takes the highest price, and they are sometimes sold as high as twenty-five and fifty dollars a pair. How many homes are made happier by their cheerful notes!

CENSUS OF MEMPHIS.—The total population of Memphis, according to a census just completed in that city, is 17,589. Inquiries made by the census takers show that the foreigners above twenty-one years old have a majority of 109 in the city. The number of children who go to school is 3,075. The number not going to school 2,039. There are 407 widows and 704 orphans in Memphis.

CRAWFORD'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—The brig Walborg, from Amsterdam, went up James River yesterday. She has on board the statue of Washington, by Crawford, to be placed on the monument in the Capitol square at Richmond.—*Norfolk Herald, Oct.* 30.

The Patagonians are naturally a race of wild hunters, living more on horseback than on foot, and are as skilful in pursuit of game as the far-famed Indians of North America. Living on a barren soil, flesh is their principal food, and the quantity they eat is said to be enormous. Polygamy is practised, and thieving held in such estimation as to form a consideration in the necessary qualifications of the intended husband, who is looked upon as indifferently capable of supporting a wife unless he is an adept in the art of stealing from a stranger. There government is in a great measure nominal, being under the rule of caciques or chiefs who have attained a certain degree of notoriety, but whose power is soon lessened unless they can maintain the influence which first gave them the title. Their tents are made of poles and the skins of guanacoes, and are generally carried about with them as they move from place to place. They dress in long mantles made of skins, covering them from head to foot, and this gives them a singular and somewhat forbidding appearance.

Out in Decatur, Illinois, a few weeks ago, a young lawyer named A. T. Green, imagined himself a poet, and sent his verses to Mr. Davis, editor of the Decatur *Gazette*, for publication. Mr. Davis criticised the poetry severely, and a controversy sprung up, which resulted in a challenge to the field from Lawyer Green. As the challenge was more ridiculous than the poetry, the editor so treated it, when Mr. Green undertook the task of thrashing Mr. Davis in his sanctum, and didn't come off best. Both gentlemen were arrested for disturbance of the peace, and Shepherd (a gentleman who accompanied Mr. Green to the *Gazette* office, by request, without knowing the object of the visit, and witnessed the melee,) was called upon as a witness. Being a nervous man, the excitement of the occasion overcame him, and after giving in his testimony, he fell down and immediately expired. The affair has caused a great deal of excitement in Decatur.

Among other results of the existing pressure is mentioned the embarkation of considerable numbers of Irish long resident among us on their return to Ireland. This is referred to as something new and remarkable, but such is not the case. For years past there has been a steady re-emigration to Ireland of persons either dissatisfied with their luck here, or of those who, having been more or less successful in a pecuniary point of view, preferred to go home to spend their money. The improved and improving condition of things in Ireland has had the effect to strengthen this counter-current, which, no doubt, just now receives an additional impulse from the financial condition of this country.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Henry Ward Beecher, in his wanderings about New York City, disguised, to study human nature and the different aspects of society, recently dropped into a mock auction shop. He stood some time, when the auctioneer called out, "Mr. Beecher, why the devil don't you bid?" *He* was greatly astonished at finding himself known in that place. He retired and sent a friend to ask Funk how he knew him, (Beecher.) "How do I know him? Why, I have been a prominent member in his church for the last five years, and own the fifth pew from the front!"

The Hamilton *Spectator* states that within a few miles of that city, near Lancaster, is a cascade, falling down a ledge of rocks one hundred feet, the waters of which have petrifying power, which is exhibited in the conversion of mosses and ferns, growing upon and near the rocks. Whenever the influence of the waters reaches the moss, its tips, yet green, are found turned to rock, and the ferns, dropping their leaves upon the rocks, and wet with the spray, are converted to stone. Not far from this spot are sulphur springs of peculiar excellence.

The bank paper circulation of the United States, at the present time, is estimated to be $170,000,000; of which seven millions are in bills of a less denomination than five dollars; forty millions of five dollars; thirteen millions of ten dollars; thirty-five millions of twenty dollars; thirty millions of fifty dollars; and forty-five millions of bills of the denominations of one hundred dollars and upwards.

The latest news relative to "family census" is that of a lady stopping at the Madison House, Covington, Ky., with her husband and thirty-two children. She is said to be about sixty years of age, but looking young and hearty.

Senator Gwin has brought to Washington from California, a youthful Japanese named Joseph Heco, who was picked up from a wrecked junk, by a San Francisco vessel, several years ago, and who has since acquired a good American education. He is believed to be the only Americanized Japanese in the country, and as he possesses perfect familiarity with the language, habits and laws of his native land, he will probably prove a valuable agent of our government in its intercourse with Japan.

The Canadian journals, and the British newspapers of the United States, misrepresent the Catholics of America, when they state that we sympathize with the atrocities committed by the Sepoys in India. We say that the English have done wrong; that the irritation of the oppressed is an impulse of human nature; that the bloody and savage retaliation of wrong is but the barbarian mode of manifesting that irritation.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

On election day, in Baltimore, the Secretary of the Spanish Embassy at Washington was in Baltimore, on a visit to the Spanish Consul, and while passing through the street, about two o'clock in the afternoon, was fired at with a pistol by a party in a coach. The ball struck between himself and a lady a few feet behind him, and the coach passed on.

The body of a man who had been run over and killed by the cars on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, was found a few days since. When found, a dog was sitting watching the corpse, and it was with difficulty that any one could approach the body—the faithful animal driving off all who came near the body of its master.

A man by the name of Jas. Purdy, of Ogdensburgh, had the delirium tremens, and while in that situation a young man was left to watch him. He sprang from his bed, escaped from the care of the watchman, rushed to the river and took the fatal plunge, and was not rescued until life was extinct.

A singular marriage took place in Litchfield, Ky., on the 12th ult., that of John Robert Wells to Miss Emeline Jeanes, of Grayson. The bride is 28 years old, 36 inches high, and weighs 45 pounds. The bridegroom is 6 feet high, weighs 160 pounds, and is 35 years of age. The parents of the bride are wealthy.

Mrs. Le Verf, of Mobile, has determined to set apart a certain portion of the proceeds arising from the sale of her new work, "Souvenirs of Travel," as an offering towards the purchase of Mount Vernon by the Association of Ladies of Virginia.

Accurate experiments have been made in Illinois to test the comparative value of timothy and clover hay. The experiments were carried on for two years, and the results were that the clover hay uniformly yielded ten per cent. more milk than the timothy.

One hundred Alpacca sheep from Guayaquil arrived at Panama a short time since, destined for the United States. It is believed they will thrive well in Vermont, and other mountainous districts of our country. The experiment of introducing them is an interesting one.

Three young men, a few days ago, advertised a concert at Bristol, R. I. About one hundred persons attended, but the scamps, after pocketing the proceeds, left through the back door. They played a similar game at Warren with even greater success.

By the death of Chief Justice Murray, the Hon. David Terry, the senior officiate justice, becomes Chief Justice of California. The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco rendered Judge Terry famous by incarcerating him in their cells.

A Quebec paper states that the depression which prevails there has caused the stoppage of operations in the shipyards; and that the whole of the workmen usually employed in them are not only without work but without resources.

The Sioux Indians at the Upper Agency in Minnesota are doing extremely well. They have a large surplus of corn and potatoes. There is an abundance of buffalo on the Sioux River and around Big Stone Lake.

Dr. William Boyle, of Middletown, Conn., committed suicide on the 28th ult., by cutting his throat with a razor. He is supposed to have been laboring under a fit of temporary insanity.

The following is the full official vote of Pennsylvania at the recent election: "Packer, Dem., 188,890: Wilmot, Am. Rep., 146,147; Hazlehurst, Am., 28,100.

At New Orleans recently a gang of masked men attacked the inhabitants in St. Thomas street, who are mostly Irish, killing one, and badly wounding twelve others.

It is a remarkable fact that no Jew ever falls upon the public for support. To their honor be it said, they care for all of their creed when under misfortune.

Messrs. Stringer & Townsend have in preparation an elegant octavo edition of the novels of Cooper, with illustrations designed by Darley and engraved on steel in the most costly manner.

A lady in Holmes County, Miss., hung herself a short time since from mortification on account of her husband having been caught playing cards with a negro.

There were 135 deaths in the city of New Orleans, for the week ending the 18th October, 1857.

The bronze statue of Daniel Webster, by Powers, has been shipped at Leghorn for Boston.

A man died recently in Alabama from the nail of his toe growing into the flesh.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, "with literary aspirations," complains that he is "tied town to business," and wishes to know if he could succeed as a *litterateur*, by following his bent. He seems to fear the fate of one who,

"Full in the midst of Euclid dipt at once,
And petrified a genius to a dunce."

In answer, we recommend him to stick to his business, give up all ideas of winning fame, and when the time comes, to settle down into a practical, every-day citizen. There are ten chances to one that he is no genius; and there are ten chances to one that if he were another Chatterton, his life might be no brighter than that of "the marvellous boy." By all means, stay at your Ledger.

"ANTI-HUMBUG" desires us to note the favorable consideration in which a certain Canadian physician of the *genus* humbug is held by a cotemporary. We have done so, and quote, by way of comment, old Dr. Isaac Barrow's quaint remark, that "a straight line is the shortest in morals, as well as in geometry."

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 14, '57.

LECTURE.

A LECTURE by the Most Rev. Archbishop HUGHES will be delivered in St. James's Church, James' street, for the benefit of St. James's Free School, on Sunday evening, November 22nd, to commence at seven o'clock. Subject—*The Education of the Catholic Youth.*

Tickets (fifty cents) can be procured from the Sextons of the different Catholic Churches in the City; also at the Bookstores of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 164 William street; Edward Dunigan & Bro., 371 Broadway; P. O'Shea, 739 Broadway; and at the doors on the evening of the lecture.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS AND THE BERLIN INSULT.

WE cannot account for the silence of our Catholic contemporaries on the aggravated insult offered at the late Evangelical Conference in Berlin to the whole Catholic body of American citizens, by our representative at the Court of his Prussian Majesty. The more we think of that insult, the more are we impressed with the necessity of having it atoned for, if not by the recall of Mr. Wright, at least by a rebuke to that too-officious official from the Administration. There has been only one opinion in intelligent Protestant circles in regard to his conduct, and there ought to be but one opinion in the Catholic community on the propriety of having it disavowed. When our enemies concede that a wrong has been done to us, we can hardly be accused of over-squeamishness if we look to the proper quarters for reparation.

Apart, however, from the vindication of our own feelings, there are several reasons why we should not silently suffer the act of Mr. Wright to pass into a precedent. Quick to resent the slightest infringement on our "equal rights" by the shabbiest demagogue at home, it seems inconsistent for us to bear tamely a similar infringement on our "equal rights" at the hands of a high public servant abroad. Ready at a moment's notice to wax indignant if the State practically sets up an "established religion" by refusing the freedom of Catholic instruction to one of our little ones, it seems inconsistent for us to suffer the national character to assume, before the world, an "established" Protestant completion. Tasting the first fruits of our recent hard fought fight against the Know-Nothing proscriptionists, it seems the veriest truculence on our part to hear ourselves "proscribed" without a murmur in the face of all nations, and with the concurrence of our own Ambassador, as "enemies of truth, progress, and enlightenment." If we were children there would be some excuse for us, and we might deserve pity because we could not demand justice; but as full grown men, as American citizens, this heat at small offenders and forebearance to great ones—this "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel"—is unworthy of us, or *we* are unworthy of better treatment.

But the inconsistency of silence in the case of Mr. Wright is not the only objection which may be urged against it. It is dangerous. What security have we that the insult launched at Berlin will not be repeated? What guarantee have we that, under similar circumstances, our representatives at other courts will not act in a manner similar to Mr Wright's? We know how strong the thirst after popularity is in the best men, and how hard it is for a Government to condemn in one minister, what it overlooks, nay, acquiesces in by not reproving, in another. These considerations point indubitably to the urgency of destroying the Berlin blunder as a precedent, not only if we desire to take away a great temptation from our representatives abroad, but to prevent a vacillating and contradictory administration of our Home Government.

Not the least striking reason for taking issue on this Berlin case is to be found in the fact that the Federal authority is in the hands of a Democratic President and Cabinet. If any other party than their's held the reins of power we might still appeal on constitutional grounds against the action of Mr. Wright, and we can truly add to these, in the present instance, the scarcely less forcible ones arising out of our position in the late Presidential election. We would be, perhaps, the last writer on the Catholic Press to give any undue value to party services; but where they may be supposed to quicken the ears of politicians to the words of their constituents it is no harm to refer to them. The judicious advocate is seldom so impresssd with the justness of his cause that he overlooks the *personal* pleas with which he hopes to influence the jury.

The very best reason, perhaps, for taking up Mr. Wright's conduct and asking that it be rebuked, is yet to be told. If we wish to make the Catholic body useful to themselves we must make, or keep them, *sensitive*. What chokes off a crop of our papers every year or two? Catholic apathy. What leaves us unrepresented by one eminently able man in the halls of legislation? Catholic apathy. What keeps us a prey to the social sores which kill us on the public works in summer, and leave us to starve in the cities in winter? Apathy again, or the want of that individual pride and ambition which, working up from the lowest to the highest of other populations, give them an aggregate public spirit such as we can never evoke except by the all-powerful call of Charity. If we wish to live for anything else than the sake of our orphans—if we wish to be anything else than a wreck for others to rise in—we must put on a Public Spirit. It is the atmosphere without which nothing can be done worthy of a numerous class. It takes hold of every advantage, makes the passing permanent, and forms the amber in which all that is good, noble, or to be desired in us, is transmitted to posterity. It is the interest of the Press to foster this tone of mind. Destroy it, and they collapse; revive it, and they revive with it. Have we so much of it that we can afford to see it chafed by affronts, deadened by the want of exercise, or completely destroyed by not being irrigated? We think not. We think more. We think that it needs all our care and all our fostering.

Let us bear this insult of Mr. Wright and we invite greater ones. Let us allow our readers to shut their eyes to the actions of men in power, and we give them the downward impetus to a worse social degredation that the bigots had in store for them. Under such a system we will call them, and they will not answer; we will urge them, and they will remain obdurate. Under such a system, *we* will become powerless and *they* imbecile—unless, like Mithridates, we can both live on poisons.

THE ELECTION IN NEW JERSEY.

THE late election in New Jersey was a complete and crushing defeat of the Know-Nothing party in general, but it had a particular phase which deserves to be noticed in detail.

In Jersey City the contest for the Assembly mainly turned on the "Poor House Question," and the reader will be glad to learn that it ended in disaster for the fanatics. In spite of a coalition of the bigoted of all parties on the notorious Matthew Erwin, the independent Irish voters succeeded in giving his opponent a majority, and thus practically rebuked the betrayer of their early confidence, the author of the now-famous Majority Report, and the shield and sword of the proselytizing, girl-kicking Poor Master Whitley. The successful candidate, Mr. Voorhies, is a young gentleman of promise and liberal views. From the commencement of the Poor House Inquiry to the night when the Common Council contradicted itself by receiving the Majority Report and passing a resolution directly contrary to its spirit, Mr. Voorhies was always on the side of the persecuted paupers. If he failed to effect anything, his earnest efforts were not the less honest and deserving; and we congratulate both him and his constituents on their mutual fitness for each other.

Of Erwin little need be said, except that the Poor House conflict has completely spoiled his chances of preferment. Finding that he could not secure a nomination on the Democratic ticket, he tried his last resort by making his coat, like the Patriarch's, one of many colors, and being defeated in this character, he may be classed with the fossils. Let us hope that he will find consolation in the pious exhortations of Verrender, and a balm for all his wounds in the sympathetic bosom of Whitley.

As the TABLET in its articles on the Poor House has called attention to several Irish Demagogues in Jersey City, it is but justice to these gentlemen to state that they kept away wholly from the polls and attempted no undue exercise of their friendship for their fanatical friends. We make this acknowledgment the more readily, because we take a little credit to ourselves for teaching them their duty.

ACCIDENT.—We regret to learn that the estimable Father Clarke, late of St. James's, in this city, has met with a severe accident. Coming down stairs in Sing Sing, a few days ago, he fell and unfortunately broke his leg. No serious result is anticipated by his physicians, but it will be some time before he can resume his protracted labors.

FESTIVAL.—The First Annual Festival of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, for the benefit of the Poor, will be held at the City Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday and Thursday, December 2d and 3d. Tickets, fifty cents,—to be had at the Catholic Bookstores, of the Sextons of the various churches, and the members of the several Conferences.

In quoting a paragraph of news from the *Capital City Fact* of Columbus, Ohio, in our issue of the 31st ult., we did not perceive the covert allusion in the last line to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati. Had we done so—it is almost unnecessary to add—it would not have been inserted in the TABLET.

Mr. KEHOE, of this office, will visit our subscribers in Albany, Troy, Lansingburgh, and vicinity, during this and the ensuing weeks.

THE KNOW-NOTHINGS AT WORK.

THE past eight or ten days have been crammed with Know-Nothing outrages. Fast on the heels of a despatch telling of an attack by a mob on the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Philadelphia, came another from Baltimore proclaiming that "the city is in the hands of ruffians and the election a tragedy;" and the latter was scarcely read when a third informed us that a masked band of desperadoes had just finished an indiscriminate foray on human life in New Orleans. Later intelligence gives nothing new from Philadelphia, but from Baltimore and New Orleans we have, as the phrase is, elaborate returns. The *Sun* and the *Republican* will speak for the city of Calvert:

Violent demonstrations were made in several instances by parties rallying under the flash names of the clubs. Voters were frequently beaten and driven from the polls, and the complaint was almost universal that naturalized citizens were either excluded from voting or experienced the utmost difficulty in depositing their votes. In several instances members of the special police went to the Mayor's office and resigned their commissions; others simply removed their badges and retired with a mortifying sense of their inefficiency. Several complaints were made to the Mayor and applications for additional force at different Wards, but there was no apparent improvement in any case. In fact, as the day wore on several of the Wards were in the possession of men who seemed pretty much to control the proceedings. The parties in the Seventeenth Ward, mentioned in a despatch, are not dead, but both are seriously, if not fatally, wounded. Another man was shot near the Fourth Ward polls, but whether fatally or not is not yet ascertained.

When the express train upon the Northern Central Railroad, bound for Baltimore, arrived at Cookeysville, some twenty-five disorderly persons took passage in one of the cars for the city. They were all armed with revolvers, and when the train arrived at Texas the rowdies commenced firing through the car windows upon the citizens and others. The fire was returned, and a number of shots were exchanged. The firing created the greatest excitement and alarm among the passengers on the train; many of them were ladies. Some of whom hid beneath the seats, and the lives of all were placed in jeopardy.

The *Delta* will represent New Orleans:

We regret having to record another bloody chapter in the history of New Orleans—a chapter, too, which is, perhaps, without an origin, so far as the victims of the story are concerned. About 9 o'clock Tuesday night, when the reporters for the press were generally in attendance at the sitting of the City Council, or had gone to their respective homes, without dreaming of further duty before them, one of the most fearful tragedies in human crime was actually being enacted in the neighborhood of St. Thomas and Annunciation streets, in the upper portion of the city. Though some of the reporters had not retired to their homes at the hour in question, yet they remained totally unapprised of any deeds of murder, nor were any generally known, save, perhaps, to the actors in their execution, to the victims, or the Police, till an early hour yesterday morning, when the public mind became wild with the consequent excitement, and every one was at a loss to account for so strange an attack as was made, without any apparent provocation on unoffending persons throughout the localities mentioned.

The assailants, it appears, were divided into three separate squads, one of which took down the centre, and the others along the banquettes on either side of the street; all being masked or blackened, and armed with knives, pistols and slung shots, executed their work of indiscriminate destruction of human life wherever they passsed, without uttering a word, save in a low, muttering tone.

The first place entered by the murderous parties was a boarding-house kept by John Culbert, at the corner of Thalia and St. Thomas streets, where, without a word of warning, they attacked the inmates, chiefly Irish draymen, with knives and slung shots, in a fearful manner. The inmates being totally unarmed and unsuspecting, the results of the attack were necessarily highly tragical—one man, John Eagan, being killed, and others badly wounded. The latter are Thomas Donahue, stabbed in the left breast with a dirk, and severely beaten on the head with clubs, though not considered mortally injured; John Culbert, skull violently fractured, and probably mortally stabbed in the back; Richard Colemar, a drayman, dangerously cut in the breast and battered about the head; J. Brannegan, knocked down with a rock and stabbed in the thigh; James Smith and John Riley, severely wounded with slung-shots and clubs; James Murphy and John Devaughan, shockingly wounded by the same means; and Thomas Biggey and Thomas Devine, slightly wounded.

Henry Greis had a very narrow escape from the ball of a pistol which grazed his neck, as he ran back through the room of Mrs. Peter Rhoda, in the store of whose husband some of the scenes occurred. The store was adjoining the coffee-house, and the ball which missed Greis came near hitting the bed on which Mrs. Rhoda was lying. The premises about the store and coffee-house are stained with blood, wherever the inmates who fled were overtaken.

After the assailants thus finished their attack, they were pursued by Sergeant Dryden, with a posse of watchmen, but without effect. They next formed into a body on New-Levee and Tchoupitoulas streets, along which they committed a few trifling assaults. They also made some demonstrations upon a coffee-house on St. Charles street, but no one was injured.

According to the accounts of Brannegan, who was taken to the Charity Hospital, there was no quarrel or provocation which could have led to these acts of violence which we have detailed. As the assailants were all masked, or otherwise disguised, there is no clue to their identity, and the affair must consequently, for the present, remain a mystery.

While the liberal press of this State is rejoicing over the defeat of the Know-Nothing party as an organization, the members of that diabolical league are thus holding high

revel in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Louisiana. They have placed Philadelphia in the category of "mobbed cities," brought Baltimore under martial law, and added even darker stains to the already blackened and bloody escutcheon of New Orleans. Pennsylvania, which, apart from some of its late acts, deserves the reputation of early liberality—Maryland, founded by Catholics, and still breathing an atmosphere of Catholic traditions—Louisiana, settled by the French, and at present largely impregnated by Catholic influences—are now the headquarters of the most narrow-minded and illiberal faction which has ever challenged the common sense of the Continent. Defeated in Massachusetts, bigoted, ismatical Massachusetts, they attack a Catholic Church with impunity in the city of Penn; crushed between the upper and nether millstones of the Democratic and Republican parties in New York, they aim without hindrance a mortal stab at liberty of opinion through her representatives, where she first had her birth, in the city of Lord Baltimore; and spurned even in New Jersey, they step exultingly and with a composure justified by the inefficiency of the authorities to protect human life, from one enormity to another in the once high-minded, chivalrous, New Orleans. There is something strange and peculiarly saddening in these facts. It pains the sensitive mind to see an unworthy stranger in the place made vacant by the death of a dear friend; but how much more melancholy is it to see liberty of opinion deposed by brute force where it was first proclaimed, and Irish lives taken like dogs' in a city saved from the horrors of pillage by the son of an Irish emigrant?

If Know-Nothingism has been pushed from a national arena its repulse seems to have made it more rampant and malicious in particular States and Municipalities. If it cannot make laws for the country it can yet, as we have seen, break and trample on them. Like the air which becomes hurtful only when repressed, Know-Nothingism, which would have inevitably died under the influence of success, appears to become more dangerous in proportion as its boundaries are abridged. An anomaly like this in the lives of political parties can only be explained by the essential difference between the K. N. conspiracy and all parties which preceded or are contemporaneous with it. Enlisting the prejudices and not the understanding of its dupes, it presents an almost insurmountable barrier to the assaults of reason and refuses to suffer the defeats it invites. Hit it with an argument, and it responds with a bullet; beat it at the ballot-box, and it seizes the bowie-knife. It set out with the purpose of "ruling America," and as it cannot, it refuses to be ruled. This spirit of appealing to force has characterized its whole career, while the opposite sentiment in the two nearly poised parties of the day, is the only and the best assurance we have for the perpetuation of our institutions.

We say Know-Nothingism appears to grow desperate, socially, as it loses political weight, and we have just accounted for the fact by its anti-American disposition to revolt against its fate, which is that of all small bodies in a commonwealth where majorities rule. How then shall it be quieted? New Orleans has been inundated with a spring-tide of blood for months, and the authorities are wholly unable to prevent its rise at any time. Baltimore has escaped so complete a drenching with the costly liquid, but it has flowed in her streets too, in the presence of all the force which her Major could array in anticipation. Philadelphia has escaped for the time from the same excesses which have marked her sister cities, but there, also, the municipal authorities are insufficient for their duty. Counter-organization is impracticable, and if practicable would be unwise. What, then, shall be done? Are churches to be sacked in the United States forever? Are souls to be snuffed out like candles? Is there, after all our boasting, no power in the country to put a muzzle on this maimed and mad remnant of a party? "Municipal rights" are very worthy of preservation: so are all rights. But what are "municipal rights" to the disfranchised Catholic minority of Baltimore, or the Irishmen made targets of in New Orleans? Whether is Mayor Swann's self-complaisance or the elective franchise the more valuable, that to save the one from State interference to preserve the peace, we should suffer the other to be invaded and trampled upon? Whether is the temporary suspension of municipal powers in New Orleans, or the complete suspension of breathing in several inoffensive citizens, fathers of families, the more to be regretted and guarded against? We have answered these questions in asking them.

QUEBEC AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

MONTREAL, Nov. 4th, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TABLET.

DEAR SIR:—Although "Notes of Travel" are now as common as travellers—and they are about as "common as blackberries," yet there are some places about which too much can hardly be said, and where every stranger of ordinary taste and intelligence is sure to discover something new. Of this class is Quebec, the stronghold of British power in North America, the proud and stately fortress of the North, the key of the great St. Lawrence. A first visit to Quebec is something to be remembered in years to come;—one of these pleasures which we in America may not often enjoy. Yet it is not the beauty or the elegance of the fortress-city which rivets the attention of the stranger. In both these qualities Quebec is wholly deficient, and, therefore, contrasts unfavorably with the sister-city; her junior in age. Looking down from the ramparts you behold a queer, quaint, dingy-collection of houses hanging as it were from the precipitous sides of the rock, piled together without order or regularity, and intersected by narrow crooked streets, running up hill and down hill, hither and thither in all directions. Immediately beneath, on the narrow strip of land, reclaimed from the bed of the river, lies the Lower Town with its stores and wharves, its coves extending for miles along the shore, thickly covered with rafts, and separated from each other by picturesque capes. Right opposite the city is Point Levi, with its thriving village nestling amongst the woods which clothe the rocky heights. High on the side of the great rock is situate the Upper Town of Quebec, comprising whatever architectural beauty the city has, with the exception of the Marine Hospital, and some churches and convents in the suburbs, of which more hereafter. In the Upper Town are most of the dwellings of the respectable inhabitants, the old ecclesiastical establishments founded by the French, the archiepiscopal palace, the University of Laval, and the former Parliament-House, now, unfortunately, a roofless ruin,* yet still noble and imposing, and forming one of the most attractive objects in the city-view. The Upper Town is inclosed within the walls, and constitutes the city proper. It communicates with the Lower Town and the suburbs by five gates, named respectively Prescot, Hope, Palace, St. John's, and St. Louis' Gates. These portals pierce the massive walls, are furnished with solid iron gates, and are each surrounded by a small guard-house. The walls are in some places formed of triple lines, separated by broad fosses, and further strengthened by enormous bastions. At short intervals along the ramparts are placed bastions of various sizes, containing a formidable array of guns of all *calibre*. The approach from the plains of Abraham, where the place has little or no natural strength, is guarded by some four or five Martello towers, at irregular intervals of some hundreds of yards. You will find people in Quebec to tell you gravely that there are subterraneous passages connecting these towers with each other and with the citadel. That, however, is wholly improbable, seeing that some of the towers are at a considerable distance out on the plains, and the intervening space is in good part composed of solid rock. Subterraneous passages there certainly are, but they are most probably under the citadel and its out-works. On the plains of Abraham, not very far from the outer wall, is seen the obelisk commemorative of the fall of Wolfe, and in the Government Gardens near Durham Terrace is the graceful monument inscribed on either side with the honored names of Wolfe and Montcalm, "rivals in arms, but brethren in renown." There is another noble man connected with Quebec—another world-known hero met his death beneath the walls—the Irish-American, Montgomery. The stranger of taste and right feeling cannot help regretting that to him there is no monument. Nor does it lessen our disappointment to remember that, in justice to herself, England could neither erect nor permit others to erect on her territory a monument to the memory of a man whom she must necessarily regard as a rebel. It is sad to see a miserable black board affixed to the rock over Diamond Harbor alone indicating the spot where the young hero fell. Wolfe and Montcalm are commemorated in various ways in and around Quebec. Stately obelisks bear their names and the record of their heroic death, streets, too, are named after them, keeping their memory ever alive amongst the people. The equally brave Montgomery has there no record in stone, and yet he is not forgotten. Monument or no monument, name and fame are secure. Side by side with Wolfe and Montcalm he stands and will stand on the page of history, with the brow of Cape Diamond for the pedestal of their fame. As regards that same bold promontory it is one of the noblest objects eye ever looked on when viewed from immediately below with its steep summit crowned by the citadel, and the ancient flag of England weaving from the topmost height, where

"From night till morn, from morn till dewy eve"

the armed sentry paces to and fro, his form reduced to the dimensions of a puppet by the vast elevation of his post. A strange place it is that old citadel, perched in mid-air, with its entire circumference surrounded by vast earth-works in which are excavated dwellings for the soldiers, military stores, &c., &c. And then the thirty-six pounders* pointed portentously towards every part of the bay, the Point Levi shore, and the plains of Abraham,—the immense piles of balls to suit every calibre, and the mortars of every size all ready to hurl destruction on any foe. It is necessary to procure a pass at the Town Major's Office in order to obtain admission to the citadel; when there the visitors are attended by a soldier who is ready to give any information that may be desired—perhaps this seemingly polite attention is connected with the strict *surveillance* necessarily observed over all comers and goers in a fortress so important. The view from the citadel is of wonderful beauty and magnificence. Before us as on a map are spread the river, the Point Levi shore, the coves and the shipping, the broad bay encircling the island of Orleans, the entire city with its densely peopled suburbs, its church spires, its bastions and its ramparts; the river St. Charles winding its serpentine course, and stretching along its banks the busy, bustling, swarming suburb of St. Roch's, with its Marine Hospital, its churches and its convents; beyond the St. Charles a fine tract of country dotted with white cottages and gradually rising till the view is bounded by a range of lofty mountains. Following the northern bank of the St. Lawrence after it receives the St. Charles, we perceive the Beauport road, one continuous line of neat cottages, adorned with many handsome villas, the village of the same name, and the dark, steep bank at whose base are situated the far-famed falls of Montmorence. The falls themselves are not visible but the mist of their spray may in clear weather be distinctly seen. These falls are the outlet of the Montmorence river where it precipitates itself into the St. Lawrence. They are reached by a pleasant drive of about nine miles along the Beauport road, and though the distance were much greater the sight will well repay the visitor. Tumbling down over a ledge of rocks, the river has in the lapse of ages won for itself a deep and winding passage amongst the rocks, and casts itself into a dark basin below whose stillness is strangely awfully contrasted with the wild, foaming—cataract above. When the great height of the torrent (about 250 feet) is taken into account—and the witching beauty of the wild, secluded glen-looking out on the broad expanse of the North Channel, no one can think of denying that Montmorence, if not nearly so grand, is much more picturesque than her imperial rival of the sister province† But to return to Quebec, near the citadel, only a little lower on the brow of the beetling cliff, is Durham Terrace. one of the finest public promenades in the world (were it only a little more extensive,) and behind it a hansome little inclosure called by courtesy, I suppose the Place d'Armes, around which are situated the Courthouse and some other public buildings. Between the Terrace and the Place d'Armes is the old Chateau, an interesting relic of the French colonists. It is now the seat of a Normal School with a model school attached for the exercise of the teachers in the art of giving instruction. The female branch of this excellent institution is located in the Ursuline Convent, where an apartment is given by the nuns for that purpose. The whole is under the direction of Rev. Mr. Horan, who resides in the Chateau, and superintends in person the education of the teachers. His appointment to the office is highly creditable to the Government, and cannot fail to be advantageous to the pupils of the Institute, because of the reverend gentleman's well-known abilities, his experience as a professor, and the kindness and urbanity for which he is distinguished.

In another letter I will give you an account of the ecclesiastical institutions, the noble collection of paintings of which Quebec may well be proud, and other matters which would extend this letter beyond all reasonable length.

I am, sir, yours, &c.,

HIBERNICA.

* It was accidentally burned some few years since.

* I believe there is one *fifty-six* pounder.

† Amongst the names written in the Tourist's book at the Falls, we saw some from various countries of Europe—one we noticed from Switzerland.

CONFIRMATION AT BEDFORD, BROOKLYN.

The beautiful new Church of St. Joseph's, Bedford, was filled on Wednesday, the 28th ult., with a congregation eager to witness the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation, by the Right Rev. Bishop of Brooklyn. The majority of those present were, of course, Irish Catholics; but there were also many Protestants attracted by the occasion, and if the former, as is always the case, were full of interest and devotion, the latter exhibited a just sense of decorum, and a respectful bearing during the services.

Previous to the administration of the Sacrament the Bishop delivered a beautiful discourse on the preparations necessary, and the duties required of, the persons receiving it, and then proceeded to confirm 150 souls, all accurately acquainted with the doctrines of religion and anxious to acquire the grace necessary to their practical development. Of these 50, chiefly girls' received communion at the hands of the pastor, Rev. P. O'Neil; who also excited their fervor by a short and forcible lecture. The Misses Casey, Murta, Boyle, Sweeney, and Cloonan, deserve credit for the excellent manner in which the processions were conducted.

The Redemptorist Fathers of Pittsburgh are expected to arrive in St. Joseph's parish about the first Sunday of Advent, and Father O'Neil is making preparation for them by adding numerous and graceful additions to the altar, providing more suitable approaches to the Church, and introducing, with the assistance of Mr. P. Ryan, into an excavation made at great expense a mammoth furnace capable of heating the galleries, chapel of ease, &c. The Rev. gentleman, let us add, has lately introduced the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, whose object is to instruct children on Sundays, and erected two new Free Schools in addition to the two nominal paying ones already in existence. Works like these bear their own commentary and need no praise from us.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance. We intend making the TABLET a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

NOTICE.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the TABLET, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply. D. & J. SADLIER & Co.

Received from the Treasurer of the "Young Men's Association," the sum of one thousand five hundred and sixty-seven dollars, being the net proceeds of their Third Annual Ball, for which we return them on behalf of the Orphans our sincere thanks.

SISTER MARY FRANCES,
Orphan Asylum,
Prince street, March 30, '57.

Mr. John Graham has opened an office at 104 Vanburen street, between Desplaines and Jefferson streets, Chicago, Ill., where he keeps the TABLET for sale, besides a good supply of books, &c., at reasonable prices.

BIRTH.

In Brooklyn, September 30th, the wife of JOHN MCLOUGHLIN, Esq., of a daughter.

CARDINAL DE BERULLE.

HIS LIFE, HIS WRITINGS, AND HIS TIMES.

Translated from the French of M. Nourrisson,
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT CLERMONT,
By Arthur F. Knobloch.

CHAPTER III.

THE CARMELITES.

Condition of the Church and the Religious Orders in the XVIth century — Saint Theresa and Madam Acarie—Institution of the Carmelites—The Princess of Longueville and M. de Marillac—Berulle's journey to Spain—Arrival of the Spanish Carmelites in Paris—The Propagation and Management of the French Carmelites.

We should form a very incorrect idea of that period in the history of the world, usually called the age of the *Renaissance*, or Revival of Letters, if we suppose that literature and art, then emerging from the comparative neglect into which they had fallen during the Middle Ages, alone contributed to the existing state of society the splendor, the life, and the activity which then characterized it. To religion must especially be ascribed this improvement in the social state. But in the Church itself, a reform was both needed and effected.

"The whole range of history scarcely records," says M. Olier, "an age more pregnant with disastrous results to the Church than the XVIth century. Countless heresies overspread whole countries, and these unfortunate nations convulsed to the very core by so much social and moral disorder seemed to present the image of chaos in its pristine confusion. Then it was that the Society of Jesus first made its appearance in Italy. It had already, under the auspices of Saint Ignatius its founder, gained a firm footing in Spain. Its germs had sprung in France, in the University of Paris; and it was at Rome, conformably to the promise which had been made to it, that it first achieved distinction. Then too appeared in Spain, as a sort of prodigy, Saint Theresa, who kindled anew the slumbering embers of religion, and infused throughout every order a holy emulation of fervor. To crown the whole almost simultaneously with Saint Ignatius and Saint Theresa, rose one destined to reform the clergy, Saint Charles, the wonder of bishops. . . . God willed the reformation should begin in this century."

This reformation, which originated in Italy and in Spain, proceeded with fresh ardor through France, and it may be said that Madam Acarie insured its first brilliant results. It was she who from that moment, and ever afterwards, presided over Berulle's enterprizes, and often communicated to him what he somewhat lacked, the faculty of taking the initiatory step. What a singular, and, at the same time, indisputable influence do women exercise over the strongest and most eminent minds! Their very weakness imparts strength to their energy. Instead of arresting their progress, it would seem that obstacles were the very paths to lead them to the attainment of their object; and if ever it is vouchsafed to mortals to have secret presentiments which foreshadow the future, it is certainly to woman that must be accorded this mysterious and divinatory gift.

Madam Acarie was to Berulle what, about the same time, Madam de Chantal was to Saint Francis de Sales.

For several years it had been her intention to introduce in France the Carmelites, whose order Saint Theresa had just brought to a state of perfection in Spain. No institution to her mind was better adapted to revive the fire of faith, and of that austere Christianity which owes its grandeur to its simplicity, and which will not admit of extremes, indifference, or half-measures.

After having at various times communicated this project to her friends, she convoked the Carthusian friars of Paris to a conference at which were present M. de Berulle, Dom Beauvoisin, vicegerent of the monastery, Francis de Sales, coadjutor of Geneva, M. de Bretigny, a nobleman of Spanish extraction, Doctor Duval, and Doctor Gallemant. All concurred that much good might result from a realization of Madam Acarie's views, and the biographer of this holy woman was led to remark, "that this assembly which determined the organization of the first monastery of the Carmelites in Paris, was held precisely forty years after that which was held in Spain, in the month of July, 1562, for the establishment at Avila of the first monastery of the reform of Saint Theresa."

"Besides this coincidence of time," resumes the ingenious Oratorian, "I find a strong parallel in the number, position, and attainments of the persons who constituted these meetings, and who co-operated in these undertakings."

Alvares de Mendoza, bishop of Avila, and Francis de Sales, bishop of Geneva; Peter d'Alcantara, of the Order of Saint Francis, so fervent and so assiduous in prayer that he died on his knees in the transports of Divine Love, and Peter de Berulle whose soul was imbued with so deep and earnest a piety towards Jesus Christ, that he yielded up the ghost after having undergone the agonies of death at the altar. Gaspard Dace, and Gonzales d'Araude, and Messrs. Gallemant and Duval, every one of them priests and scholars of irreproachable virtue. Father Bannes, a Dominican, and Father Dom Beauvoisin, a Carthusian, distinguished for their learning, prudence, and piety. Francis de Salsede, a nobleman of unsullied character, who contributed both his advice and his wealth towards the establishment of the first monastery of Saint Theresa in Spain, and M. de Marillac, counsellor of State and afterwards keeper of the seals, who lent large sums without interest to the first monastery of that saint in Paris, and who thenceforth willingly used his influence, his prudence, his piety, and his zeal in the service of those holy nuns."

The foundation of the French Carmelites had therefore been fully decided upon. But in vain did Doctor Duval and Doctor Gallemant urge M. de Berulle to assume the direction of the institution. He pleaded his age as an excuse, and jocularly said "he would be the courier of the Order, while the other two would rule."

The first thing to be taken into consideration was to secure a place where they might establish a convent. Now it happened them to think of the priory of Notre-Dame-des-Champs, in the suburb of Saint James. There, under the direction of Cardinal de Joyeuse, lived a few religious who had retained little of their profession beyond their cloth. They offered the strongest resistance to the Order, and Berulle, ere he could obtain possession of the buildings, was compelled to make several trips to Marmoutiers of which the prior was a dependency. His efforts after all might have proved of no avail without the powerful intervention of Catherine of Orleans, daughter of Henry, Duke of Longueville. This princess finally succeeded in overcoming the reluctance of Cardinal de Joyeuse. Furthermore she obtained from Henry IV., on the first of October, 1602, the necessary letters patent, and caused them to be registered by the Parliament on condition she would endow the community with an income of 2,400 pounds. Hence she received the title of second founder, the claims to that of first founder remaining in Mary de Medecis' favor.

Such is the origin of that convent of Carmelites, where flocked in the XVIth century so many noble souls to seek a balm for their wounds, and the memory of which has, with an inimitable charm, been but recently revived by a celebrated philosopher, and illustrious writer.* At this day, a small band of some nuns, perpetuating in spite of storms the Carmelites' discipline, still occupy a portion of the old building. But the extensive appendages, the vast enclosures are no more there, and one of the two entrances through which access could be had to the Carmelites—the entrance through St. James' street, has been blocked up. The entrance through the street d'Enfer alone remains, and allows the public to reach that chapel, where Bossuet before a dismayed court celebrated the repentance of La Valliere and the conversation of the Princess Palatine.

Licensed by the Court, recognized by Parliament, befriended by the Princess of Longueville, the Carmelite institution was approved at Rome, by virtue of a bull which sire de Santeuil, the King's secretary, and bearer of a letter from Francis de Sales to the Holy Father, obtained from Clement VII., November the 13th, 1603. Madam Acarie accordingly soon set about to establish near Saint Genevieve a house for novitiates; and while there employed in guiding the postulants, she did not allow the zeal of her friends to abate. "You," said she while addressing Berulle, "will be the spiritual, and you," turning to de Marillac, "the temporal foundation of this edifice." Neither did the temporal, nor especially the spiritual part of the institution seem to her as resting on a sufficiently firm basis. She would fain the Spanish Carmelites would come to instil into the French Carmelites the spirit and the traditions of Saint Theresa who had been dead but a few years. M. de Bretigny had already, but without any degree of success, made a trip to Spain, for the purpose of obtaining from the Carmelite friars permission to take away a few of their mothers. These friars who laid claim to the entire control over the nuns of their order had, not without some feeling of displeasure, seen some Carmelites, who had recently been taken to Italy, pass under the direction of the priests of Saint Philip Neri. They therefore resolved to lend a deaf ear to any demand that might come from France.

Madam Acarie was, however, nothing daunted by M. de Bretigny's want of success. At her instance, Berulle started for Spain, on the ninth of February, 1604, in company with M. Gauthier, attorney-general to the grand council. The two wayworn travellers reached Burgos, after a journey full of accidents. Berulle was convinced at once of the many difficulties he had to surmount. He met on his first approach with a flat refusal, and any amount of impertinence. Some of the Carmelites' friars went even so far as to inquire whether Mass was still celebrated in Paris. It required nothing less than the intervention of the Nuncio, and of the king himself, Philip III., ere they would consent to enter into a negotiation. But then began the pretexts, the bickering, and the fruitless engagements which compelled Berulle to travel from Madrid to Toledo, from Segovia to Valencia, and to Pampeluna. Therefore, Berulle could not otherwise than testify a deep discouragement.

"You would not believe," he wrote to Madam Acarie, "unless you were able to judge from personal experience, how strong are the first impressions in this country. I think you must have sent me here that I might learn how to be obstinate, and wedded to my opinions, and hate stubbornness of the will. This undertaking will cost you no little effort. God grant it may be achieved according to His holy will. Owing to the great distance which separates one place from the other, and to the long delay thereby occasioned in the transmission of advices, I beseech you not to fail to report to me your thoughts as soon as they have come up in your mind, and that they may remain steadfast in prayer before God, without waiting for our letters."

Firm in the reliance she placed in the success of this work, Madam Acarie answered, "that God through His Infinite Mercy upheld this design, and that His agency in this matter was plainly visible." The event realized her expectations. The Pope having come in the end to threaten to suspend Father Francis de la Mere de Dieu, General of the Carmelites, if he did not comply with the Nuncio's orders, Berulle received permission to take with him six nuns. Three were taken from Salamanca, Mother Ann of Jesus, Mother Beatrice of the Conception, and Mother Isabella of the Angel. The Convent of Burgos contributed Mother Isabella of Saint Paul. Mother Ann of Saint Bartholomew, and Mother Leonara of Saint Bernard, left Avila where, forty-two years before, Saint Theresa had established the house which was intended to serve as a model to the Carmelites, while, inspired by her, Saint John of the Cross was reforming the Carmelite friars.

The departure from Spain of the Carmelites who were accompanied by a few French ladies, and the incidents of their journey, form the subject of one of the most interesting episodes in the biography of Berulle. This narrative which is invested with all the charm af a legend, abounds also in much that is calculated to excite wonder.

Having reached Bordeaux, Berulle separated from the little band he led, and proceeded to Fontainebleau to offer his respects to Henry IV. The nuns journeyed on towards Paris, in which they made their entry on the fifteenth of October. The Duchess of Longueville, and her sister the Princess of Estouville, the Marchioness of Breaute, Madam Acarie, and her three daughters, came to meet them at the bridge of Notre Dame, and thence the whole train directed their steps to Saint Denis, where these pious ladies placed the French Carmelites under the patronage of the patron Saint of Paris. The following day, they partook of Communion at Montmartre, in the Chapel of the Martyrs, and they did not install themselves in their convent before the seventeenth of October.

The order was still in its infancy, and yet it numbered already besides Madam Acarie and her daughters, such persons as Miss Dubois de Fontaines, Sister Magdalen of Saint Joseph; the beautiful Marchioness of Breaute, Sister Mary of Jesus; Miss de Bellefonds, Sister Agnes of Jesus Maria, which four were prioresses; Miss de Cosse-Brissac, Sister Angelica of the Trinity; lastly, Madam de Berulle, Sister Ann of the Angels, who was desirous of ending her days under the direction of her son.

Berulle presided over the convent to which he had given the name of Convent of the Incarnation, on account of his particular devotion to the mystery of which the name is suggestive. Nothing could surpass his devotion to the community. In 1606 the plague was desolating Paris. In vain was he urged to leave the capital. "I am Pastor of the Carmelites," answered he, "and it is my duty to sacrifice my life for my flock." And when in process of time, the Carmelite order steadily increasing, soon comprised a large number of houses in France, he testified alike for all the deepest solicitude. The Order was growing daily more and more prosperous, when the much to be deplored competitions arose which compromised if not its existence, at least its development.

In 1610, some Italian Carmelite friars of the congregation of Elias were received in France, in the suburb Saint Germain, in the buildings erected for them by order of Nicholas Vivien, *Maitre des Comptes*, and now occupied on Vaurigard street by some Dominican friars and young priests of an ecclesiastical normal school. Once established the Carmelite friars claimed strongly, as their right, the direction of the Carmelites. It was about this time that Berulle, urged by his friends, composed his *Treatise on the Grandeur of Jesus*—an admirable treatise, the perusal of which was a source of great pleasure to Urban VIII., who styled the author the *Apostle of the Incarnate Word*.

This treatise was dedicated to Louis XIII. Berulle began by reminding the king of the happy and tragical events which had paved his way to the throne: the abjuration of Henry IV, his divorce from Margaret of Valois, approved by the court of Rome, preceded by the premature death of the Duchess of Beaufort, followed by his union to Mary de Medicis, and a few years later, by the regency of the Queen Mother.

This work of Berulle which was printed in 1622 and published the following year, met with universal approbation. The tribulations of the holy priest, however, were not ended. The Jesuits whom Berulle himself had introduced among the Carmelites also asked to exercise authority over them. Hence arose perplexing troubles. Evidently the establishment of the Carmelites would have been threatened with ruin had it, in the beginning, been withdrawn from the direction of its founders. Whereas under their salutary discipline, animated by the same spirit, led by the same hand, the Carmelite order acquired in a short time a considerable growth. In 1629, the year in which Berulle died, there were in France forty-three houses, and in 1668 it numbered as many as sixty-three convents.

What moving power then had sustained Berulle in the painful anxieties to which he had been made a prey? Was he actuated by personal ends when he refused to resign the office of visitor of the Carmelites? As soon as he was enabled to do so he transmitted this charge to the hands of Father de Condren, who himself resigned the same in 1634, with the express clause that it should never be accepted by any member of the Order under penalty of forfeiture. We may moreover take Berulle's word for it when he affirms, "that he found more trials than interest in this undertaking." The steadfastness which marked his conduct proceeded from the strength of his mind, and his constancy was the offspring of conviction. Berulle felt chosen by God to enthrone Catholicity again in the popular heart, to crush schism, to enlighten the mind with the light of faith; and contribute by those means in a more efficacious manner to lull civil discords, and to the restoration of authority. Like all the pious men who shed lustre over his period, he steadily directed his labors to the attainment of a two-fold object: the sanctification of souls, and his country's glory. This is why he retained in his hands the government of the Carmelite order, which without him would not have taken such deep root in France, nor borne such manifold and fair fruits. "You render praise unto God," writes Berulle to the Carmelites, "for heaven and for earth, for animate and inanimate creatures, for the Christian and the infidel, for the Catholic and the heretic, for the chosen and the reprobate." Thus, thanks to his perseverance and to his labors, there is not one of our provinces which has not had before it the instructive picture of those noble creatures who pray for those who pray not, whose angelic purity serves here below as a ransom for the corruption of the many, who in the privacy of the cloister and the littleness of details, present at least the unchangeable model of a denial and a heroism adequate to the most important things.

The establishment of the Carmelites in France was not moreover the principal work of Berulle. His name stands pre-eminent in its connection with the foundation of the Oratory.

(To be continued.)

* Victo Cousin—*La Jeunesse de Madame Longueville.*

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

HOW DANIEL THE KING WAS BROUGHT TO REASON, A. D. 569.

The district of Meath had been from the reign of Tuathal, in the second century, the patrimony of the supreme monarchs of Ireland, and was called the *mensal lands*, as being allotted for the support of the royal household. This arrangement continued undisturbed down to the end of the fourth century, when the famous Niall of the Nine Hostages apportioned this territory amongst his eight sons and their descendants. The posterity of these eight princes were called the Northern and Southern Hy-Nialls, according to the situation of their respective territories. Four of the sons of Niall, viz., Eogan or Owen, Conall-Gulban,* Eana and Cairbre, had conquered the greater part of Ulster, and there located themselves—hence, their title of Northern Hy-Nialls. So it was with the other four. After a while these four princes, having acquired such vast possessions in Ulster, gradually abandoned their part of the Meath territory, which was consequently incorporated with the possession of the Southern Hy-Nialls. In process of time this became a serious inconvenience to their brethren of the north who were thus removed to a greater distance from the Court of Tara, where the elections for the monarchy usually took place. Still no important effort was made by the northern princes to recover this portion of their ancient patrimony till the time of Daniel the Second, who, being a wise and politic prince, saw clearly the advantage thus possessed by his kinsmen of the south, and determined to recover the Mensal Lands from their grasp. For this purpose he raised a large army and marched into the county of Meath. The princes of the rival line also summoned their vassals, and mustered as large a force as they possibly could, but they soon found that the imperial army was far superior to theirs both in numbers and in discipline. Fearing, under these circumstances, to hazard a battle, they applied to St. Fechin, Abbot of Fouar, in the present county of Westmeath, to act as mediator between them and the monarch, who was as remarkable for piety as for prudence.

St. Fechin willingly undertook to intercede with the king, and being informed of his approach made haste to meet him. Great was the contrast between the two men. The saint in his coarse monastic habit, and the monarch in his gorgeous many-colored garments, his cloak fastened at the shoulder with an immense jewelled brooch, and on his head the glittering circlet of gold adorned with precious stones.† And yet the bearing of the king and the monk was not so different as might be expected, for Daniel, too, as well as Fechin, was habitually calm and collected.

When the holy Abbot stepped into the road and confronted the monarch, the latter bent to receive his blessing, but, instead of benediction, the Saint addressed him in reproachful terms:

"I bless you not, O Daniel, son of Hugh, because of the evil that is in your thoughts. Why will you disturb the peace which Heaven has given us for the sake of these lands?"

"Because the lands are mine, O holy Fechin," replied the monarch in a respectful tone, "if they are not, they ought to be, as you know very well. Why do you not rather give counsel on the other side?—advise the chiefs of the south to restore me what is mine, and they will do it—then you and they shall have peace."

"Nay," said Fechin, "they will have it, that being in possession of that territory for full two hundred years; they have more right to it than you, and they consider it unjust of you to attempt taking it from them."

At this the monarch became somewhat nettled, seeing that the holy Abbot seemed inclined to sympathize with the adverse party, and turning abruptly away, he cut Fechin short with: "I hear no more, good father!—tell those who sent you that Daniel is able to maintain his rights, and will do it with God's help!"

"Say not that," rejoined the Saint sharply, "God loves not and will not help such doings—beware how you take His holy name in vain. I thought you were seeking the kingdom of heaven, but I find, O Daniel, that your heart is still wedded to the vanities of this world!—you are in haste to get me away, but you must first hear my words. You are doing that which is wrong, and God hates the evil-doer: look you to it, Daniel, son of Hugh—and all you who hear me," he added, raising his voice higher, so as to be heard by the advanced legions of the army, "the king will not listen to my words—mark, then, what is to follow."

A shuddering whisper ran from rank to rank, and each man looked into his neighbor's face with a scrutinizing glance, to see whether he shared his own misgivings. Even those who had not heard Fechin's words, were made acquainted with their import, and the effect was instantaneous, for every countenance fell, and every eye sought the ground in gloomy thought.

Daniel himself was almost as dispirited as his soldiers, but he would not let it appear, and therefore assumed a careless air, and gave orders to resume the march.

"Fechin," said he aloud, "is better skilled in books than in the affairs of war. He shall see whether we or his friends are the strongest!"

* * * * * *

St. Fechin was praying next morning before the altar in his stone-roofed chapel, and the light struggled into the sacred enclosure through high, narrow windows, looking like fissures in the Cyclopean masonry of the walls. The subdued sunbeams rested on the venerable figure of the Saint as he knelt with folded arms and drooping head and downcast eyes in wrapt communion with his God. He had just completed his morning rounds through the monastery, (then containing no less than three thousand monks,*) and the college connected with it, and had sought the quiet of the chapel, as was his wont, after any protracted intercourse with his kind.

Suddenly he was disturbed by the sound of footsteps and the low murmur of voices, sounding strange in the deep silence of the church. Turning his head, the Saint perceived two soldiers of the royal army standing just within the door where they had knelt and muttered a hasty prayer, then rose to await the end of those holy meditations which they did not dare to interrupt.

The Abbot walked slowly down the aisle, and as he passed the soldiers, beckoned for them to follow. When they all three stood in the open air, Fechin asked what news from the army.

"Bad news, most holy Fechin, bad news!—but how could we expect better when the king would not do your bidding."

"Has there then been a battle?" inquired the Saint, with an arch smile, for he knew there had been no battle.

"O man of God! there has not—the sons of Hugh-Slaine have not come before the king, but heaven itself fights against us. Last night there was such a fall of snow that none of us ever saw the like——"

"What! snow at this season?"

"Even so, holy Fechin," replied the one who appeared to be the spokesman, "it is as I tell you, and what is more, there were seen such strange sights in the heavens last night that the stoutest heart was struck with terror. Fear came upon us all, O Fechin! and the queen was as one dead."

A grave smile played around Fechin's lips, as he said: "So the king has changed his mind? He will make peace with the clans of the south?"

The soldier smiled, too, as he replied: "He will when he can do no better. After what you said yesterday, and what we saw and suffered last night, not one of us would march a step. So Daniel the king prays you to come and assist in making peace."

"I go not to him," said Fechin, "he must come to me *this* time—he has offended the majesty of God in my unworthy person, and it is for him to come hither and solicit pardon."

Before many hours had passed, King Daniel drove up in his chariot to the gates of Fouar Abbey, accompanied by all the principal chiefs of his army. Alighting from his chariot he took his station on the stone bench outside the door, usually occupied by mendicants waiting for their dole. This was the beginning of the monarch's penance,—self-imposed it was, but by no means painful, for though Daniel had much of the dignity, he had little of the pride of the kingly office. He was a Christian in heart as well as in name.

In a few minutes the Abbot made his appearance, whereupon the king arose, and said that he came to give Fechin satisfaction for the insult he had offered him.

"Not to me, Daniel! not to me," said the holy man, "but to that God whose errand I did when I sought your presence last. You gave public scandal—you are now to make public reparation to God and His humble minister."

"I am willing to do it, O Fechin of books!" cried the king eagerly; "give me my penance, that I may do it and be reconciled to God through your pious prayers!"

"Prostrate yourself there before me!" said the Abbot solemnly.

The king did so, and Fechin placed his foot on his neck, saying aloud in the words of the Psalmist: "He hath overthrown kings in the day of his wrath: He shall judge among the nations—arise now, Domhnall Mac Aodh, and go back to thy home a wiser man, seeing that you must not put your trust in horses or in chariots, or in legions of armed men. These things had Pharaoh, King of Egypt, and he gloried in them exceedingly, and the Lord crushed him with his heel even as a worm, and buried him with his chariots, and his horses, and his warriors, in the depths of the Red Sea." Go thy ways, son of Hugh, and bear these my words in mind.

The monarch promised all that Fechin desired, and then asked him to bear his overtures of peace to the sons of Hugh-Slaine and their adherents. This embassy the Saint willingly undertook, when King Daniel and his nobles, having partaken of the hospitality of the Abbey, set out on their return to the army, and Fechin, accompanied by one of his brethren, departed on his mission of peace.

"Wonderful are the ways of God!" said Fechin to himself, as he journeyed on staff in hand; "now Daniel and myself are both aware that these meteors of the night, and that spring snow-storm alike proceed from natural causes, yet their effect on the army is the cause of the change in Domhnall's mind, and for that may the Most High be praised. Alas! when will peace be universal in this poor land!"

—In our next, How the Queen of Leinster served Prince Cumascach, A. D. 593.

* It was from these two sons of Niall Eogan or Owen, and Conall-Gulban, that the districts of Tyr-Owen (now Tyrone) and Tyr-Connell (now Donegal) received their names.

† "Crowns of gold and sceptres were used by our princes and princesses long before this period (A. D. 569), nor did our monarchs appear in public without these ensigns of royalty."—O'Halloran's *History of Ireland*, Book VIII., ch. III.

* See *Annals of the Four Masters*.

A FOREIGN "CORRESPONDENT" DISPOSED OF.

"DICK TINTO" AND HIS LETTERS TO THE "N. Y. TIMES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Sir:—The New York *Weekly Times* of the 24th ult. contains a long and infamous letter on Italy and the devotion paid to the Mother of our Redeemer, which the Catholic Press of the United States should not suffer to pass without disproof and animadversion.

This malignant epistle is dated, Florence, Mid-February, and is signed by the puppyish name, Dick Tinto. Who this Tinto is who is ashamed to give his name, which indeed is no wonder, it is not difficult to imagine; what he is will soon appear. That the communication was written in the Tuscan Capital, is more than I am inclined to credit; it is not very long since articles like it were shown to have been produced in the office of the *Times*. The people of that establishment have a great deal of capacity for inventing. The Houses of Congress and the whole country bear evidence.

Tinto sets out with bombastic rhetoric on the present intellectual and political lowness of Tuscany. He exclaims: "*Why is the birthland of Raphael, Michael Angelo and Andrea Del Sarto, now without a painter, sculptor or architect, above the level of low mediocrity? Why is the home of Boccaccio, Dante, Machiavelli and Galileo, absolutely without a literary name known beyond the precincts of the peninsula? Why is this seat of the wealth, commerce and industry, which made princes of the Medici, the Riccardi, the Peruzzi, the Strazzi and the Alberti; which erected Fiesole, Florence and Pisa into states with fleets covering the Mediterranean, and rivalling the power of Genoa and Venice in their golden days, now the impoverished feeble footstool of a petty Austrian prince?*" In return I ask why is England of the present day without a Reynolds, a Hogarth, a Sir Inigo Jones, a Newton, a Milton and a Shakespeare? Why is America now without men to take the places of Washington, of Patrick Henry, of the Adamses, of Clay, of Webster and Calhoun? Here are deficiencies—effects like to those first enumerated by Tinto, and it must be legitimate to attribute them to a cause similar to that which he specifies. Now to what cause does Tinto assign the Italian declension? Hear him; he is unequivocal in his manner of explanation. After a fanciful enumeration of the unfortunate consequences traceable back to Austrian authority, he rejects the idea that the declension to which he specially alludes should be attributed to that power. "*This*," the Austrian dominion he says, "*is not the cause; this is but an instrumentality of something before, beyond, deeper, more potent and transforming. The worship of a man, Budha, or the Grand Lama keeps all Eastern Asia in a state of ignorance, sin and misery from generation to generation. The worship of a man, Mahomet the false prophet, keeps Western Asia in a similar condition. And is Madonaism, the worship of a woman, any better? Look at Madonaism—in Italy, Spain, Ireland, Mexico, where the worship of the Virgin prevails, and is the prescribed worship of law or opinion—do you not find in each and every part the same ignorance, poverty and weakness, moral and political—the same degenerating tendency, the same helpless and hopeless growing old, decrepid and slavish! Such is the terrible influence of idolatry of superstition. The priesthood of Egypt who prescribed the worship of bulls, cats, onions and monkeys; the priesthood of the Babylonians and Philistines who enforced the worship of Moloch and Bel; the priests of Mexico who compelled the worship of Serpents; the priests of Thibet who enjoin the worship of the images of Budha: and the hiararchy of Rome, who enforce, by promises of Heaven and threats of Hell, the worship of the Immaculate Virgin—these are all in the same category and all exert a similar influence.*" Here it is broadly stated that devotion to the Mother of the Holy Saviour has demented Italy, destroyed its political power, ruined Ireland, Spain and Mexico, morally and nationally, and it is put on a par with all the horrible superstitions of the East and West.

Who can doubt after this that the man of the *Times* is a philosopher? Tinto, is the loss which England feels to-day of men such as I have mentioned, to be attributed to the prevalence of devotion to the Immaculate Virgin in that country? Is the deficiency which I have painted out as distinguishing America to be assigned to the same cause? No, for in both the Mother of the Redeemer has been always insulted. It is wrong, therefore, to charge the dementation of Italy to "Madonaism." But is Italy of the present day demented? Is it not the native land of Tapparelli, the best ethical writer of this age? of Liberatore, the most accomplished metaphysician and elegant Latin writer in Europe—a man whose Institutions of Philosophy have driven everything else appertaining to the science of mind, not only from the best seminaries of learning in the Old World, but also from the best—unquestionably the very best—colleges in America? Is it not the country of Curci and Bresciani, the most talented journalists, and this, on the authority of the London Press, to be found from the Thames to the Tiber? Where was De Vicho, the best astronomer of modern times born? Ask the King of Sweden. Where did Carappa, whose mathematics are in the hands of all the learned engineers in France, Germany, and Spain, receive his birth? What are the philosophers of Modern France and Germany in comparison with those of the Latin peninsula? Is Cousin, the pantheist, the everything by turns, to be compared to the solid Salamani? Are Fitche, Kant, Hegel, and Ahrens to be put in the same scale with Finetti, Gerdil, Galluppi, with Genuensis, with Storchenau, with Perronne, with Passaglia and others? Yes, when idealism and infidelity shall be considered superior to sound philosophy and the most learned works on genuine theology. Away, then, with the infamous representation that devotion to the Immaculate Mother of our God has demented Italy. That beautiful country had never a greater number of better minds than it has at present; and even though such were not the case who, but an un-Christian scribbler, would attribute the falling off to "Madonaism?" Has "Madonaism" caused the falling back in England and America? No; nor has it, nor could it, in Italy. How long has devotion to the Immaculate Mother of our God prevail in Italy? Ask the history of the Church: that will tell you that her shrine has been honored there from the beginning. Why did not "Madonaism" stultify the mind of Thomas Aquinas, for he was most devout to the Virgin? Why did it not cloud out the stars that appeared

at the time of Leo the Xth, for all of them prayed to her, at morning and at night? Did not the very men named by Tinto commit themselves and their families to the protection of the Mother of Purity? Were not some of the best painters and sculptors Dominicans? If "Madonaism" is injuriously active to-day, why was it not so in these instances? As a cause it was as predominant in the times referred to, as it is now. Tinto, how do you defend your falsehoods? How do you show that "Madonaism" is no better than Mahomedanism? Mahomedanism indicates the legitimacy of lust, and promises that indulgence in the same horrid crime will constitute a leading part of the delights of Heaven. The success of that diabolical creed, of which you no doubt are a member, is to be attributed entirely to the dissemination of this beastly privilege and idea. Can such a thing be said of the devotion which the Catholic pays to the Mother of his and of your God? Is not Mary the Mother of Jesus held up as the guardian of purity? Is it not on the sublime conviction that she is spotless, stainless—that she is Immaculate, that all who abominate the damning sins of the flesh, appeal to her for protection? Does not her very name imply chastity? Did not the Holy Prophets announce her sinlessness? Did not the angel of the Lord address her as "full of grace?" Are not all the traditions of the Church regarding her testimonies in support of her more than angelic sanctity? Oh, Tinto, you are a base liar, and you know it! Thou worse than Mahomedan, the devotion paid in Italy, in Spain, Mexico, and in Ireland to the Virgin is not to be compared to the horrible religion of the false prophet.

Is Tinto anything more correct in charging "Madonaism" with the intellectual declension, he says, prevails in Spain, Ireland, and Mexico? Can any Protestant country in the world boast of such a man, a Protestant, as Balmes? Yet Balmes was a Catholic—Balmes was a Priest—Balmes was devout to Mary. I pass Mexico now. As regards Ireland, was that beautiful country ever so intellectual as when it was entirely Catholic? How much enlightenment did the intolerant genius of Protestantism shed on her poor people? Ask her demolished seminaries, schools, colleges, cathedrals, churches, convents and monasteries. Ask the diabolical law which made it a hanging matter to harbor a devoted Priest, to open a hedge-school, which gave the father's estates to the son who turned heretic, which confiscated nearly all the property held by Catholic families to English apostates, which authorized the destruction of all that hands could be laid on of the ancient beautiful literature of the land, which forced the people to send their sons, out of their own soil, to beg for an education in glorious Catholic France, Spain and Italy? Is there any dementation in Ireland? There is not. But there is ignorance, and thanks to Protestantism therefor. From which has more enlightenment resulted to Ireland, Trinity College, or St. Patrick's, at Maynooth, the Schools of the Christian Brothers, or the Godless Colleges? The institution chartered by Elizabeth, the lascivious and the blood-stained furnishes Ministers who live on the fat of the land, and (it is a positive well known fact) do nothing for the good of their flock. St. Patrick's College supplies men unsurpassed for learning, whose devotion to the true interests of their people neither plague, nor famine, nor tyrannic law can chill. Ask the peasant who has benefitted him most, the Catholic Priest or the Saxon Minister, the Monk or the Swaddler? All the ignorance that prevails in Ireland is unquestionably and historically the work of Protestantism. And so is whatever moral depravity characterizes the Island. How could intellectual and moral debasement be the result of ardent devotion to the purest of God's creatures—to the Mother of God Himself? How can what is pure produce what is impure, the elevated what is low, the sanctified what is sinful? The want of a brilliant intellect is the work of Heaven. Heaven does nothing without a sufficient reason. Is devotion to His Mother, all of which reflects directly on Himself, sufficient reason for God to stultify intellectually the people that pay it? Is it a sufficient reason for Him to withdraw His grace and to suffer those who render it to sink into immorality? Which people are the more moral, the Irish who are most devoted to Mary, or the English who insult her? Is Dublin like London, Limerick like Liverpool, Cork like Manchester, Leeds or Birmingham? Where, upon the testimony of the Mayhews, is the marriage contract no contract at all? In all the great towns and cities of England. Tinto, let us hear no more lies from you with regard to the devotion paid to Mary. It is impossible for what you say to be true.

What is to be said with regard to the rest of this infamous writer's tirade? Has Ireland lost her rank among the nations through the sublime respect which pays to the Immaculate Virgin, or through English invasion and tyranny? Has Spain descended from the first position in Europe, to the third or fourth, through "Madonaism" or through the overthrow of her power in Mexico and South America, and to the appearance on her throne of several weak Princes? Have the Italian States declined through the same cause, or through interference with their Indian trade by the Portuguese, by means of a new passage to that distant region, to the invasions and plunderings made by the first Consul, and to Austrian injustice? Was France, glorious Catholic France, ever so powerful as she is at present? Tinto, why did you not allude to this splendid nation? Are not the French full of devotion to the Immaculate Mother? Why is "Madonaism" not followed in France by a political decline if it has been so followed in the other countries which you have named? When you write again be truthful and consistent.

Tinto, quite satisfied that he has given a philosophical explanation of things, says that, "*There are some curious facts open to the sojourner here, which coincide with this theory.*" These facts are, while the Italians are going to Mass, saying their prayers, giving alms, doing special honor to Mary, and going to confession, Germans, Swiss, French and English miners, druggists, merchants and hotel keepers are stealing away the wealth of the land. A striking coincidence, indeed! There are a few successful foreigners in the Italian cities, therefore "Madonaism" has destroyed Italy in intellect, in political power, and in morals!!! Why Duns Scotus, the subtle doctor, could not beat this for penetration. "*And,*" continues Tinto, "*the reason is plain: the Madonna-pecked Italian is ignorant, narrow-minded, weak. His mind is meshed in the thousand tales of superstition; the priest has made his soul little, feeble, indolent. He is of course a Catholic, and if he yearns to deliver himself from this body of death, he dare not attempt it. His name is registered, and if he do not appear statedly at the confessional, the priest examines him. If he falter he is suspected; if he doubt he is damned. Can it be expected that a people thus subdued, can rise and shake off its chains, where such penalties are the consequence? And so the Italians live on in Madonaism; and so they put Madonnas in their houses and shops; so the priests go on blessing them, and so the Madonna is the great curse of Italy.*" Tinto, how much of this explanation is true? Which as a general thing is the better enlightened man, the Italian, or the Englishman, or the American? In which is to be found the greater taste for poetry, for music, for painting and for sculpture? If you write truly, why do English and American students go to the Madonna-pecked Italians for instruction in the three last arts? Who would compare the Tuscan peasant with the mountaineer of North and South Carolina and Western Virginia? The former is distinguished for poetic vivacity, wit and no small share of intelligence. How many, belonging to the latter regions, are yet aware that General Taylor is dead? Ask the politicians who lead them down in barefooted droves at election times to the towns of Raleigh, Columbia and other places where they are liberally accommodated with liquor, out of iron ladles attached to barrels planted in the public street? How do you show after asserting it, that "*his mind is meshed in the thousand toils of superstition?*" How do you prove, "*that the priest makes his soul little, feeble, and indolent?*" Had you been educated by a priest, your mind would be better than it is. Were you an honest man you would not utter so wicked a falsehood. Did you ever know a priest, professor, that did not devote his whole time and all his energies to the intellectual and moral growth of his pupils? Have you ever heard a priest in any capacity declare against study? Have you visited the Jesuits Colleges of Italy and of the United States? Are the students of the College of Nobles, of the Roman College, of Worcester, of Mount St. Mary's, and of Georgetown, narrow-minded, feeble and indolent? Tinto, how many liberal young Protestant gentlemen receive their training in these institutions? Did the priests narrow the mind of the Montmorencies, of Descartes, of Voltaire, of La Place? Did the divine Fenelon confine the intellect of the Dauphin of France? Was the European mind ever so glorious as when the Sons of Loyola were intrusted with its cultivation? Who did so much for learning as Leo X? Who is a greater scholar than Wiseman? Who does more for the enlightenment of boorish England than the same Cardinal? Who taught Galileo and Machiavelli? The priests. Who taught the science of statesmanship to the Medici? The priests. What people have done and still continue to achieve the grandest things in the intellectual world? The Italians. And what preachers ever professed in Italy but priests? Tinto, why are you so ignorant and so full of falsehood! Can you furnish an instance of your assertion that an Italian "*dare not attempt to deliver himself from this body of death?*" You say his name is registered. This I may concede, even on your testimony. But how do you prove that a man's mind is "*narrowed, enfeebled, and made indolent,*" by the act of registration? When you say "*if he does not appear statedly at the confessional, the priest examines him,*" what do you give us to understand by statedly, once a week, once a month, or once a year? No matter which; how do you show that the clergyman is wrong in keeping a close watch on the spiritual interests of his people? "*If he falter he is suspected.*" Suspected, in the most legitimate manner, *concedo*; "*if he doubt he is damned.*" If he doubt, his doubt is, if possible, removed by gentle reasoning full of the force of truth. If he pertinaciously adhere to a selfish opinion which is against the true faith he is told the consequences. I concede again. But in doing so what does the priest do but his duty? Is there any subjugation in all this? *And so the Madonna is the great curse of Italy.* This is an infamous conclusion which I have refuted several times already.

But Tinto threw out a good more of malice. He asks, "*if this religion does not compensate in some way for the evils which it thus universally brings down upon a nation and people? Does it not elevate the soul and purify the heart, even though it entail social and physical degredation? Let us see. At church the Italians seem devout, but do they carry thence a sound morality, a practical religion between man and man, a religion of the street, of the counting-house, of the home, the fireside? Nay—Italian falsehood and frailty are proverbial. Among the upper classes, the men are atheists or deists in religion. The women of the same rank are devoted in their routine of worship; but they make assignations at the altar and much prefer a Cicisbeo* (a gallant) *to a husband in going to Mass. Cheating among the lower classes is so common as not to be scandalous. To want truth is not a reproach. Such are the Madonaities of Italy.*" Here, to say the least of it, is a very gentlemanly effusion. Tinto, a while ago, you said that no Italian dare attempt to deliver himself from this body of death, that is from the yoke of the Church. Now, you say, that the Italian men of the upper classes are either atheists or deists. This is very consistent. But those who are given to falsehood have, by necessity, bad memories. Liars, invariably, contradict themselves. Is it then true that all the Italians are hypocrites—that they are treacherous to each other in all the spheres of life, the social, that is, the relations, that exist between the father and his children, the wife and the husband, the brother and sister, not excepted? Are Italian married ladies so debased as to make assignations at the altar, and to prefer gallants when going to sacred places to their husbands? Tinto, how do you know this? Have you played the gallant with them? Have they made assignations with you? No, Tinto, the Italians are not hypocrites, they are to be depended on in all the departments of life, and their wives are not what you represent them. Italy is, to say the very least of it, as morally correct as America. Why when you commenced this letter were you not guided by truth, decency and common sense? You would then be believed in your statements, and highly respected as a correspondent. As you are now, no one is idiot enough to swallow what you have written, or what may hereafter be published with your signature. Never forget that liars never escape execration. Avoid committing yourself to action suggested by malignant feelings. Never be guided by bigotry. Reflect before you write. Never again publish what you cannot sustain, and what is untenable in itself. Scribble no more infamous and unmanly letters, and by all means try to pick up a little of the "instincts of a gentleman."

J. M. Spellissy.

City Mortality.—There were 373 deaths in the city last week—a decrease of 37 as compared with the week previous.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Financial Affairs.—English Atrocities.—Lord Canning's instructions.—The Times *and* Punch *on his Lordship.—Mercy out of fashion.—The Commander-in-Chief's Speech.—Sir Harry Smith on "twaddle."—General "speechifying" on Indian affairs.—Lord Ellenborough's letter.—His Lordship's way of getting up an army.—Disraeli's remarks considered audacious.—Mr. Gladstone.—Want of Confidence in the proper administration of the Indian Fund.—Old Trinity on India.—Lord Carlisle visits England.—Irish Militia regiments for India.—The new President of Maynooth College.—The Rev. Matthew Kelly.—Nuns for Jamaica.—The Cardinal Archbishop.—The Archbishop of Dublin.*

London, 23d October, 1857.

The Indian question now no longer monopolizes the entire attention of the public. The present season of financial embarrassment obtrudes itself on the notice of publicists, and news from America is now looked for almost as eagerly as intelligence from India. The Bank of England has in the short space of fifteen days raised the rate of discount three per cent., and taken measures to prevent the wholesale exportation of specie to the United States. The optimists consider that the transatlantic crisis will have no very serious consequences here. The fact is that the failures so far are but of secondary importance, and things in general, though dull, show a fair degree of stability, but all depends on the color of the next intelligence from the West as well as from the East.

The remaining portion of the Eastern mail reached Southampton per the *Ripon* on yesterday. There were on board some ladies who escaped from Mhow and other places. A correspondence, addressed to a French journal, gives a rough list of the atrocities committed by the English soldiery, and which will at least balance the heavy sum of cruelty charged to the account of the Sepoys by the British Press. During a considerable period the humane and *Christian* English hung or shot their dozens daily, besides scourging an immense number by way of innocent recreation. About seventy of the Cashmere insurgents were shot daily during several days. At Futtehpore they hung the insurgents in groups of four or five all along the roads. In the territory of Gholab Sing they hung and scourged at least 600 men. At Allahabad hanging and shooting were carried on to such an extent that the English residents themselves were obliged to protest. At Arrah they did exactly what they accused the Hindoos of doing, that is, hanging the dead and wounded on the trees. After an engagement in which they killed 400 natives they hung the dead and wounded along the road for several miles. At Dinapore they found in one of the houses 50 insurgents whom they put to death to the very last man. The soldiers took the dead bodies and hung them on the walls to "dry them in the sun" as they said. They afterwards set fire to the house. This is the manner in which the natives, innocent or guilty, insurgents or simple villagers, are indiscriminately massacred. But this is not all, the English insist upon the payment of the taxes with the same punctuality as in prosperous times. In a locality of the Punjab where the population is less hostile than anywhere else, the tax-gatherer, on the refusal of the inhabitants to pay the tax, attacked them at the head of a body of troops, sabred a hundred of them and obliged the other inhabitants to pay not only what was due, but a fine of 1,000 rupees that he imposed of his own private authority.

To check in some degree the wholesale and indiscriminate butchery of the natives who fall into the hands of the British troops, Lord Canning has issued a series of instructions relative to the manner in which the Sepoys arrested are to be treated. The *Times* is furious against this measure, the only praiseworthy one perhaps which signalizes the governorship of Lord Canning. *Punch* has a lamentable caricature of his Lordship which is intended to be very severe on the Governor General's supposed indulgence for the Sepoys. The very name of mercy stinks in the nostrils of British journalists at present, and wo to any one who advocates that "mawkish" sentiment now. The favorite quotation from the great Bard:

> The quality of mercy is not strained,
> It falleth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed.
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes—

is put away with a great many other "mawkish" and old fogy ideas, and I doubt not but that the immortal Will would be soundly hissed if he wrote it at present.

The speech (if I can call it so) of the Commander-in-Chief at Sheffield is more adapted to the humor of our journalists. His Royal Highness hoped that no "undue leniency" would be adopted towards the 70,000 men who have

mutinied "*nobody knows why.*" H. R. H's. ignorance on the subject is at least refreshing, though not surprising considering the usual amount of knowledge possessed by English functionaries. Sir Harry Smith on the same occasion was severe on "twaddle" and "mock philanthropy," and warned the people of England (as if such a warning were necessary!) against the said "twaddle" and "mock philanthropy" which would do much more to crush than to promote "Christianity." There was no mock philanthropy about the gallant Sir Harry's oration; as to the amount of twaddle it contained, I shall say nothing.

Numbers of our great guns have also been exercising their oratorical powers in "stump speeches" (if I may take a word from your transatlantic vocabulary) on Indian affairs. Lord John Russell and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton have been "holding forth," and Lord Ellenborough has written a letter to the Winchecombe Agricultural Association explaining his views on the Indian difficulty. He appeals to the country gentlemen and farmers to exert themselves to keep up the militia, which his Lordship looks upon as the best nursery for regular soldiers. Lord Ellenborough thinks that if the English people do not rise as one man to re-establish their Indian empire, the horrors of Meerut and Delhi will not for ever be averted from England herself. Messrs. Disraeli and Gladstone have likewise been discoursing, but their efforts are the subject of fierce denunciation, Mr. Disraeli having had the "audacity" to say that the people appeared to him to have thrown off their Christianity, and to have become worshippers of Moloch. Mr. Gladstone is taken to task for saying that "Vengeance is not an instrument which we are permitted to take into our own hands." The retribution, say his denouncers, must be equal to the crime. Highly "Christian," is it not?

The Catholics are not alone in mistrusting the application of the Indian fund. At a late meeting in Worcester, several gentlemen, though anxious to subscribe, felt unwilling to do so from the fact that no adequate security was given for the proper application of the money collected. In answer to a letter from Sir John Pakington on the subject, the Lord Mayor stated that the fund is applied according to the general principles of the address issued by the Mansion House Committee. His Lordship likewise gives the names of the gentlemen on the Committee as a guarantee. This seems but poor security after all.

There are it appears within the walls of Old Trinity, gentlemen who do not sympathize very strongly with British Misrule in India. Two tudents were arrested the other day for creating a disturbance in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, by repeatedly calling for cheers for the Sepoys. Several of the Castle flunkies had nervous attacks on the occasion.

The Earl of Carlisle is about to visit England. A Dublin letter states that his Excellency is to embark about the 26th at Kingstown on a special steamer. The people of Dublin (the flunkies apart) can manage to get along without his Excellency for a short time.

Five Irish Militia regiments are ordered for duty here. They are the Dublin City, the North Cork, the South Down, the Limerick County, and the Antrim Rifles.

The Rev. Dr. C. Russell has been elected President of the College of Maynooth, at the meeting of the Trustees of that institution, held on Tuesday at the Metropolitan Presbytery. The Primate and thirteen venerated prelates, the Earl of Fingall, Lord Bellew, Lord French, and A. J. Hussey, Esq., were present. The Rev. Matthew Kelly, DD., Professor of the Belles Lettres, was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History, that chair being vacated by the promotion of Dr. Russell to the Presidency. The Doctor's appointment has been hailed with universal satisfaction.

On the 8th instant four ladies from the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, Glasgow, sailed from Liverpool for Kingston, Jamaica. They are said to be the first nuns that have sailed for the West India Islands. May they receive the reward of their pious efforts in the cause of the true faith!

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman preached a panegyric on the patron Saint of the Diocese of Westminster, St. Edward, on Tuesday last. His Eminence has also consented to preside at the annual banquet in behalf of the Aged and Infirm Poor Society on the 24th of the coming month.

The Most Rev. Archbishop of Dublin arrived in that city from Rome on Saturday morning last.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Crisis in Germany.—[illegible]n.—Modena.—Carlo[illegible]
Gazette de France[illegible]
—The French and [illegible]
sary of the Execution of Marie-Antoinette.—[illegible]
Abbe Guillome.—The Pope.—A New Bishopric.

PARIS, 19th October, 1857.

The state of the public revenue in France offers a striking contrast with the general position of financial affairs in other countries. While the money markets of Germany and of the United States are convulsed by a severe crisis, ours shows much calmness and regularity, and transactions are effected under conditions of relative prosperity. The direct tax comes in with facility and the indirect revenue shows an increase of 26,865,000 francs for the first nine months of 1857 as compared with a like period of 1856. Compared with 1854 the tables for 1857 show an increase of 81,294,000 francs. With the exception of one year, 1855, the increase of the revenue has been continued, and from 490,000,000 in 1848 has increased to 781,000,000 in 1857. This increase of revenue which represents the increasing consumption and commerce of France shows the resources she has within herself in case of financial difficulties.

The position of affairs in Germany, however, is gloomy to the last degree, and the financial crisis has attained proportions full of danger for trade. The *Journal de Francfort* gives a most disheartening description of the condition of things. Its columns are filled with accounts of failures, suicides, to which the unfortunate self-destroyers were driven by bankruptcy, and details of swindling operations on a most extensive scale. The failure of the house of Boskovitz of Pesth is a great blow to the merchants of Vienna. This establishment was one of the most extensive houses in Hungary. The liabilities amount to more than than three millions of florins and the assets to about a fifth of that sum in consequence of heavy losses brought about by speculations at the Bourse. Most of the provincial manufacturers who had business relations with Boskovitz & Co. are ruined by the failure, and four extensive establishments have already suspended payments. The financial position of our neighbors beyond the Rhine is anything but reassuring.

We are still without positive information as to the formation of the new ministry in Spain. It was considered probable that the mission of forming a new cabinet would be entrusted to General Armero, but nothing definitive was known in that regard. It was reported that the General would have the title of President of the Council and the functions of Minister of War, and Senor Mon, Ambasssador at Rome, was generally named as one of the members of the new ministry, in an important position. Senor Mon was to have left Rome for Madrid on the 14th, and it was generally supposed that no final action would be taken until after his arrival. General Armero, whose political antecedents are but very little known, and Senor Mon, who has already occupied a seat in several cabinets, both belong to the conservative party, but they are believed to have more liberal tendencies than the members of the retiring ministry. Senor Mon is the brother-in-law and political friend of Mr. Pidal, one of the most respected and influential members of the late cabinet. Mr. Pidal being closely united to Marshal Narvaez, it is believed that the Marshal and his friends will support the new ministry. Though there is every probability that those combinations will be effected, yet, considering the present uncertain state of political affairs in the Spanish capital, we cannot depend upon their entire exactitude.

The Duke of Modena, by a decree dated 30th September, has again placed Carrara under martial law in consequence of the terrible crimes of which that commune has been the theatre. A proclamation has been issued summoning the inhabitants to give up to the authorities all arms of every description, ammunition, &c., in twelve hours from the publication of the proclamation, Whoever shall be found at the expiration of the appointed time, bearing any deadly weapon, will be condemned to death if he has been already guilty of other offences, while, in ordinary cases, the punishment may be extended to the galleys for life. Three persons cannot talk together in the streets, and no one can be absent from his residence from the evening *Ave Maria* to that of the morning. As drunkenness is considered to be one of the primary causes of the atrocities committed all persons found in a state of inebriety will be arrested and will receive corporal punishment.

The *Nord* of Brussels announces that the French government has offered to the English Government the permission to send through France the troops intended for India, but that the latter has refused the offer. The *Independence Belge* explains the refusal by the difficulties attending the disembarking and re-embarking of the troops and the *materiel de guerre* in the French ports.' Another journal states that as the British government persists in sending the troops by the Cape of Good Hope there would be no economy in their crossing the French territory.

Apropos of Indian affairs the *Gazette de France* in an article lately published, has the following thrust at our allies:

"While on this subject it seems to us indispensable to point out how little the Englishman is understood, particularly in France that his exterior and his pharisaical conscience should still impose on indifferent persons is quite simple and not even worthy of remark. But that those who pretend to enlighten public opinion should show themselves, such superficial observers as to take for ready money and repeat gasconades so foolishly impudent as those which give Delhi up, to pillage, it is enough to make one feel pain for them!—Why on the contrary do they not remark as a just and useful appreciation of our allies that it is after the days of prescribed *fasting* and *humiliation* that those people grant *beforehand* three whole days for pious and pillaging exercises to English and Christian soldiers."

During the absence of the Emperor and Empress at Compiegne the arrangements for the meeting of the Plenipotentiaries of the Paris Congress will be completed. The *Journal du Havre* announces that the meeting will take place in the commencement of next month. You are aware, that the question to be finally decided is that of the Principalities. The Belgian journals announce that the French government has the intention of placing young Prince Murat on the throne of the united principalities. The Russian Count had as its candidate the Duke Nicholas of Leuchtenberg, grandson of Eugene Beauharnais.

The news from Berlin announces an improvement in the health of the King of Prussia. Nevertheless, the German Press is seriously occupied in discussing the measures the government thinks it necessary to take until the entire restoration of the King's health. They speak of a project to place the direction of affairs in the hands of the Prince of Prussia.

The 16th of the present month was the sixty-seventh anniversary of the execution of Marie-Antoinette. Requiem Masses were said in the expiatory chapel of the Rue d'Argou Saint Honore, and a great number of persons were present.

A good, charitable and highly cultivated priest, and one of the greatest poets of Brittany has just passed away, in the person of the Abbe Guillome, the author of *Kergrist*, who died on the 5th of this month, at the age of sixty odd years. The Abbe's poem: *The Ploughman*, written in Bas-Breton is looked upon as a masterpiece.

The *Journal de Rome* of the 9th October announces that the Sovereign Pontiff left the Vatican on the morning of the 8th for Ostia where he arrived at ten o'clock.

The creation of a Catholic bishopric at Tunis is announced. The See is said to be reserved by the Pope for a French prelate. Tunis has already an administrator *in partibus*; but greater power will be given to a titular bishop.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

MISSION IN ADAMSTOWN.—The unceasing labors of the Redemptorist Fathers in this parish are crowned with the same signal success, as in all other places. The Fathers are Rev. Messrs. Petcherine, Theunis, Bradshaw, and Vanderraa. The Faithful travel all night, distances from six to ten miles, in order to gain at early dawn the object of their soul's dearest desire. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up at half-past five o'clock each morning. The devotion of these unsophisticated people is most sublime. The confessionals are surrounded with prostrate penitents long ere the sun has blessed this hemisphere with its glorious light, and long after he has gone to shed his golden beams on our antipodes.—*Wexford People.*

At the Loretta Convent, Rathfarnham, Miss Alice Murphy, daughter of J. Murphy, Esq., Ballylough, county Wexford, made a solemn profession of faith, and a renunciation of the world, adopting in religion the name of Sister Mary Joseph Birchmons.—*Ibid.*

THE LITTLE SISTERS OF CHARITY.—Warmly recommended to the clergy and laity by the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Kilmore, and aided by the resident clergy, the "Little Sisters of the Poor" have received from Cavan the munificent sum of £58.

The Rev. Mr. Quin, P.P., thankfully acknowledges the receipt of £10 from Lord Francis Conyngham, M.P., towards the building of his new chapel at Inagh.

The Archbishop of Tuam held an Ordination in the Cathedral, when his Grace conferred Deacon's Orders on the Rev. Lawrence Ansboro', late of Maynooth College. The following additional changes have taken place in the clergy of this diocese, since our last publication, viz.: Rev. James O'Malley, R.C.C., from Ballinrobe to Crosboyne; Rev. D. Lydon, R.C.C., from Errissana to Ballinrobe; Rev. James M'Gee, R.C.C., from Aughamore to Claremorris, in room of Rev. M. O'Donnell, R.C.C., appointed to Castlebar; Rev. L. Ansboro', to be R.C.C. of Kilkerein: Rev. M. Joyce, R.C.C., from Hollymount to Knock; Rev. E. Gibbons, C.C., from Westport to Balla.—*Tuam Herald.*

Two ladies received the veil at the Convent Chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, Westgate. The Right Rev. Bishop Hogart, accompanied by several clergymen, officiated at the ceremony of the reception. Father Chadwick, formerly of North Shields, delivered the address, and at the termination of his oration, invoked a blessing on the two postulants, who did not appear to be more than 22 years of age.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

On Thursday, the 15th ult., a month's mind, presided over by the Right Rev. Dr. Walshe, Lord Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, was celebrated in memory of the late Rev. P. Fitzpatrick, P. P., Mountrath. High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Hoonan, the Rev. Messrs. Buggy and F. Phelan being deacon and sub-deacon.

The Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick, has handed in £410 4s. 10d. to the secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, subscriptions received in his lordship's diocese during the past year.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd gratefully acknowledge the receipt of £10 from the Earl of Dunraven.

Domestic.

CONFIRMATION.—Twenty-seven persons were confirmed by the Most Rev. Archbishop in St. Joseph's Church, Taneytown, on Sunday last, Feast of All Saints. In the afternoon, at the conclusion of Vespers, twenty-one persons were confirmed in the Church of St. Joseph, of the Sisters of Charity, near Emmittsburg. On Monday, the Commemoration of All Souls, forty persons, fourteen of whom were converts, were confirmed in the Church of St. Joseph, Emmittsburg. In the afternoon a recent convert, eighty-two years of age, was confirmed in Uniontown.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

BENEDICTION.—A Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament took place on Sunday evening last (All Saints) at St. Paul's, Toronto, at 7 o'clock. The church and high altar were brilliantly illuminated, and the attendance, especially of the youthful members of the congregation, was exceedingly large. A very effective and feeling lecture was delivered by the Rev. Father Fitzhenry on the sacred duty of praying for the dead. It was a wholesome thought which prompted this evening service.—*Mirror.*

DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG—RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.—On Wednesday, the 21st ult., Miss Honoria Ford, in Religion, Sister Mary Ursula, received the white veil of the Sisters of Mercy, in the Convent Chapel of St. Xavier's, Academy, near Latrobe. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. Kearney, of St. Paul's Cathedral, who delivered an eloquent sermon on the occasion. —*Catholic.*

No less than seventy-three persons received the Sacrament of Confirmation, and over one hundred the Holy Communion (many for the first time), in Nashville, Tenn., on Sunday, the 25th of October. Through the zealous exertions of their pious Pastor, the Rev. Father Hoste, aided by one of the Priests connected with the Cathedral, all were properly instructed, and showed that they duly appreciated the many spiritual favors bestowed upon them.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

COTTON—The market is quiet and no change can be quoted. We quote Middling Uplands at 12¼c., and New Orleans at 13c.

COFFEE—Very little has transpired, and the market appears heavy; sales of 350 bags Rio at 10@11c. and 30 mats Java at 16½c.

COAL—The market is unchanged for Foreign, the demand is fair; sales of 100 tons Orrel at $8 50; and 100 tons Cannel at $10 50, 4 mos.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for Western Canal Flour is fair, the arrivals more liberal, rather in excess of the trade, but we make no change in our quotations, although prices favor the buyer at the close—more particularly for the low grades—while good Western extras are firmly held and in good request for the East and local trade.

GRAIN—A brisk demand for Wheat for export, and for prime qualities extreme prices are paid; the arrivals are more liberal, a large portion consisting of ordinary qualities; the sales are 280 bush. red Southern at $1 20@$1 30; 5,000 bush. white do. at $1 30@$1 55; 14,600 bush. amber do. at $1 20@$1 35; 4,200 bush. amber do. at $1 30@$1 35; 11,500 bush. red Ohio at $1 15; 4,500 bush. white Kentucky at $1 50; 19,400 bush. Milwaukee Club at $1 03¾@1 08; and 24,500 bush. Chicago Spring at $1@1 01. Rye is rather lower; sales of 1,000 bush. Northern at 78c. Oats are in good demand at 42@44c. for State, and 42@45c. for Western. Barley is without change to note; sales of 1,600 bush. common State at 75c., and 1,000 bush. prime California at 86c. Corn is rather firmer, and the demand is fair for the home trade; the supply is moderate; sales of 23,000 bush. Western mixed at 74c. in store, and 75@75½c., delivered.

IRON—The demand continues quite limited, and the few sales making to the local trade command about previous rates, but are no guide to the market, in the absence of important transactions.

LEATHER—There is no change to notice; Hemlock and Oak are both quiet, at declining prices.

LIME—Rockland continues in good demand, but in the absence of receipts no transactions have been made, and prices are consequently nominal.

MOLASSES continues dull and nominal. The sales are unimportant.

RICE is heavy and only a small retail trade is doing; sales at 3@3½c.

SUGARS continue steady, and a small business has been done; sales of 520 hhds. Cuba at 5¼@5¾.

TEAS are dull and heavy: no sales of moment have transpired.

TALLOW—The market is steady, the demand fair; sales of 14,000 ℔ at 9¼@9½c. cash.

WHISKEY—The demand is fair and holders are firm; sales of 1,000 bbls. at 25c.

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

PROSPECTUS.

SITUATED 8 miles distant from the City of New York, in an elevated position on the east bank of the Hudson River, the Academy commands a most delightful view of the magnificent scenery for which that noble stream is so justly celebrated; whilst, at the same time, the location is one of the most healthy in the Union. The large and commodious edifice occupied by the Institution, having lately undergone some important improvements and additions to the original structure, cannot fail to ensure the comfort and convenience of the Pupils.

The ages for admission into this Institution is from 6 to 12 years. Children under 6, or over 12, are not admitted.

Terms:

Entrance Fee.....$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum..180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents. Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

The following are extra, viz.: Instrumental Music $60 per annum. Spanish and German Languages, each $24.

Observations.

The Scholastic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September, and terminating on the 1st of August. No Pupils kept in the Institution during the annual vacation, which is from the end of July till the 1st of September.

The Pupils will have holidays to go and visit their parents and guardians, at the following times: Christmas, Easter and the 4th of July, 4 days each.

Parents can visit their children on Thursdays, from 10 to 12 o'clock, A.M., and on Sundays, between the High Mass and Vespers.

In case of serious sickness, Pupils will be confided to the care of their parents or guardians.

Outfit.

Each Pupil is required to have the following articles, viz.: 1 suit of Uniform, which is a Blue Cloth Jacket, with bright buttons, black pants and blue cap; 2 suits of Clothes for every day wear; 3 Surtouts of light stuff as linen or muslin; 6 Shirts, 8 pairs of Socks or Stockings, 3 pairs of Drawers, 3 Night Shirts, 6 Napkins of large size, 3 Towels, 3 Handkerchiefs, 3 Cravats, 2 Caps, 3 pairs of Sheets, 2 Blankets, 1 Quilt, 2 white Coverlits and 2 pairs of Boots and Shoes. A Knife, Fork, Spoon, and Goblet of silver or composition; 2 Combs, coarse and fine, a Comb-case, Hair Brush, Tooth Brush, Clothes Brush and Shoe Brush; a small Tin box for the Toilet articles.

Communications by Letter to be made to the Brother Superior.

ag8 1y

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance.....$100 00
Washing.....12 00
For Half Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above.....50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter.....12 00
Guitar " " 12 00
Painting and Drawing.....6 00
No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months.....$1 75
Commercial " " " 1 50
Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
President.

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ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,

No. 44 SECOND ST., N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

IN its present new location, this Academy, owing to the labor taken to render everything as perfect as possible, affords all the inducements that can be desired in a Catholic institution.

TERMS—High Class, including the use of Books, per annum.....
Preparatory Class, $28 per annum
Music, $10 per annum, payable quarterly in advance.
sep18

EDUCATION.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half yearly in advance, is.....$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin.....125
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra.....
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum.....15
Music, per annum.....20
Use of Piano, per annum.....40
Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.....8

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SINSINAWA MOUND COLLEGE,

WISCONSIN.

THIS Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, is situated in the Southwest corner of the State of Wisconsin, ten miles from Galena, Illinois, and six from Dubuque, Iowa. It occupies the most healthy and picturesque site in the West.

The numerous Railroad and Steamboat routes in the West render it easy of access at all times.

The government is mild and paternal, and directed at all times to promote the Moral and Intellectual improvement of the Pupils.

The Collegiate Year consists of Two Sessions of five months each; the first commencing on the first Monday of September in each year, and ending on the Saturday after the first Monday of February; and the second beginning on the second Monday of February, and closing with a public Exhibition some time in the beginning of July.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per session.....$60 00
Stationery and Books.....7 00
Washing, Bed and Bedding.....10 00

Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Music, &c., form extra charges.

REV. J. T. JARBOE, O.S.D.,
President.

sep19 1y

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President

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At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN,
Catholic Pastor.

ag29 tf

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 336 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.

ag29 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

1857. 1857.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he continues to act as Agent for the well known House of

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AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BELLE WOOD,	Tucker,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CITY OF MOBILE,	Marshall,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodles,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hadley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,000
NEW SHIP,	Freeman,	2,800
OWEGO,	Stevens,	1,000
ROBER TKELLY,	Barstow,	1,640
SARATOGA,	Trask,	1,700
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
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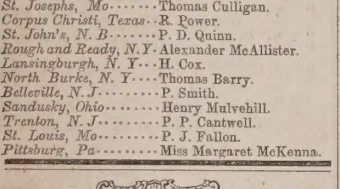

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